

THE  
BLACK BOX  
SEE IT, HEAR IT  
AT GILMANS  
Radio Dept. Gloucester Arcade

# CHINA MAIL



Established 1845

No. 36142

SATURDAY, JUNE 4, 1955.

# MAIL

SAXONE  
Shoes for Men  
MADE IN SCOTLAND  
Whiteaways  
HONGKONG & KOWLOON

## COMMENT OF THE DAY

### A New Policy?

QUIETLY and discreetly Government this week announced relaxation of controls over the importation of coal. Certainly it is not a subject of burning public controversy — like other commodities such as rice, for example—and the new policy as applied to coal does not deserve bold headlines. There are considerations, however.

Originally, there were suggestions that coal—like rice—was to be turned over by Government to a small group of substantial, well-known importers whose reputation in that particular trade had been firmly established in past years. Now it appears from Government's announcement that coal importation is to be thrown open to any merchant. And there is no longer need to maintain reserve stocks.

BY this action Government appears to establish a new precedent—and there in lies the interest. Allowing for the difference both in the actual commodities and their relative importance to the community, it is pertinent to ask whether this same policy is now to be applied to rice. Or, to put it another way, has Government re-examined import policies for reserved commodities generally and found the old system unsuitable, inadequate and prejudicial to the community's economic welfare?

Rice, it may be recalled, was confined to a selected group of 25 importers. The whole point of the criticism that followed the announcement of that plan last year was that it was wrong in principle to hand over the rice trade to a small privileged group of merchants because theoretically, the system was open to abuse. At any rate, it was a system that was bound to keep ruling prices above those in any other part of Southeast Asia.

Government's attitude over rice suggested that it justified the system of restricted licensing on the grounds that only a few specialists knew the intricacies and complexities of the trade and that it was therefore better to be confined to the few. Surely that argument can also be applied to coal. It cuts both ways. Similarly, if coal can be imported freely by any merchant who wants to engage in that trade, then why cannot rice? A statement from Government on future policy will be awaited with interest.

## IT'S GOING TO BE DEEDS, NOT WORDS

### Chou En-lai And Relaxing Of Far East Tension

### KRISHNA MENON'S COMMENT

From LES ARMOUR

London, June 3. India's roving ambassador Krishna Menon told me tonight he was certain both sides in the Formosa dispute were genuinely seeking peace—and that he could see no problems which could not be settled by negotiation.

He declined to say whether or not he was taking any specific proposals to Washington with him, but he said "No doubt I'll be seeing people about the situation."

He said he didn't think there was anything to be gained by making his discussions with Chou En-lai public at this time—"but that isn't to say we are treading on eggs. We are not."

Seated behind a massive mahogany desk in a dark and slightly dingy top floor room in the offices of the India League in the Strand, Mr Menon said: "The Chinese Premier has said he is very hopeful. He said that, I didn't. But he wouldn't say that unless he thought there would be a relaxing of tension—he certainly wouldn't have said it if he thought that tension was going to increase."

Moreover, he said, there were signs there would be deeds and not mere words to back up the conviction.

"As I said before, the release of American airmen is a sign. There are likely to be more signs."

He emphasized, however, that his visit to the United States wasn't officially connected with the Far Eastern situation—"I am going to a meeting of the United Nations Trusteeship Council in New York, and then I am going to San Francisco."

The visit could not be officially connected with the Formosa question because "India isn't a party to the dispute in any sense."

But he said he thought, nevertheless, that India could be of use in the problem "because nobody questions our motives, though they may not agree with what we say."

Despite his optimism, however, Mr Menon insisted, "We must approach the problem with an appropriate sense of the gravity of the situation. The problem is really one of peaceful approach." — London Express Service.

London, June 3. An 18-year-old Cypriot, Michael Xinaris, sentenced to death in April for the murder of a British soldier in a cafe brawl has been reprieved, the Home Office announced here tonight. The soldier who died was 20-year-old Private James Robinson of the Royal West Kent Regiment.—Reuter.

### NOW 3 FLIGHTS WEEKLY

HONGKONG — TOKYO

FLY  
JAPAN AIR LINES

FLIGHTS  
LEAVE  
HONG KONG  
MONDAY  
WEDNESDAY  
THURSDAY  
BOOK YOUR RESERVATION NOW  
JAPAN AIR LINES CO. LTD.  
CAXTON HOUSE, DUDDELL ST., H.K. TEL. 33824  
PENINSULA HOTEL, KOWLOON. TEL. 53032

### Child Falls 15 Ft. Is Unhurt

Washington, June 3. Three-year-old Billy Oliver fell out of bed here, went through an open window and dropped 15 feet to the ground and escaped unhurt.

He had been clutching his pillow and landed on it.—China Mail Special.

For Smoother Riding!

MARFAK Lubrication

## BRITAIN'S INDUSTRIAL CRISIS

### Eden Being Forced To Walk A Tight-Rope

London, June 3.

Prime Minister Sir Anthony Eden was walking on a tight-rope between Labour leaders and right-wing members of his own Conservative Party today as Britain's nationwide railway strike went into its sixth straight day.

On the Labour front, Sir Anthony must avoid antagonising the 450,000-member National Union of Railwaymen (NUR) into joining the walkout. The NUR has so far opposed the strike, which was set off last Sunday when the 67,000-man Associated Society of Locomotive Engineers and Firemen (ASLEF) walked out in support of a claim that their wage level had not kept pace with NUR wage boosts.

A misstep by the Premier could also throw the weight of the London bus drivers and conductors union into the strike.

Sir Anthony is being pressured from the other side by right wing members and businessmen who feel they have a score to settle with the unions.

The Government has set up a special inter-ministerial committee to meet economic difficulties stemming from the strike.

The Prime Minister is scheduled to make his second broadcast speech within a week on Sunday to explain his Government's plans to cope with the emergency.

If the management of Britain's nationalised railways boosts the ASLEF's wages, the NUR will immediately seek a corresponding wage rise.

TWO POSSIBILITIES

It was believed that the management might agree to negotiate on the highly expensive double wage increase if it were allowed to raise Britain's railway fares, which are among the lowest in Europe.

The management might also offer a state subsidy to compensate the pay rise.

Meanwhile, hundreds of reserve policemen and firemen were being recruited in London to control traffic and ensure order during the walkout.

Hundreds of cots and mattresses were delivered to the House of Commons today to accommodate Members of Parliament who might not be able to return home after late debates because of the rail tie-up.

Parliament is scheduled to re-open next Tuesday.

On the water front, 221 more dockers walked out today to bring the total of men out of work to 20,028 in the strike which hit the ports of London, Manchester, Hull and Rochester 12 days ago. A total of 168 ships are tied up by the strike.—France-Presse.

### Kidnap Attempt

Tunis, June 3.

Police tonight arrested four members of the Neo-Destour (Nationalists) who attempted to kidnap Mekki Ben Azzouz, chairman of the Tunisian Nationalist Party, a small pro-French group.

The kidnapping attempt was made in a Tunis suburb at almost the same time as the agreement on Tunisian home rule was being signed in Paris.—Reuter.

### HAWK ATTACKS ALPINISTS

Biella, Italy, June 3.

Two Alpinists, Giovanni Riboiti, 25, and Mario Guerdi, 24, clung helplessly to the side of a mountain here early today while a furious hawk attacked them with its beak and talons.

When the bird finally wheeled away into the sky, the men's clothes were in shreds, and blood streamed from their all over them.—China Mail Special.

Central Cooling

No doubt some earnest persons have from time to time devised a formula for the measurement of heat. They might, for instance, multiply the temperature (in degrees centigrade) by the humidity (in degrees of discomfort) and divide by the energy expended in the game in progress or in strokes per hole, goals per chunk, runs per over. But whatever the variables involved, the answer remains constant. Take a long glass of Rose's Lime Juice with a couple of ice-cubes floating; hold it to the light and gloat over its pale translucent greenness, rock it gently until the ice-cubes tinkles. Then put your self outside it.

ROSE'S Lime juice  
—MAKES THIRST WORTH WHILE

## KING'S PRINCESS SHOWING TO-DAY



### EXTRA MORNING SHOW TO-MORROW

KING'S at 11.30 a.m. PRINCESS at 11.00 a.m.  
John Wayne in "FLYING LEATHERNECKS" Paramount presents  
in color by Technicolor. A PROGRAMME OF  
TECHNICOLOR CARTOONS  
At Reduced Prices



## FILMS—CURRENT AND COMING

By JANE ROBERTS

The recent Scott Brady picture—"The Law vs. Billy the Kid" will probably have reminded western fans that the infamous William Bonney is no longer a hissable character and that although his early part in the cattle wars of the 1870's was not altogether an example to the young, his motives weren't as self-centred as the cowboy novelists have made them.

In a picture made some years ago, Robert Taylor played Billy in the grand manner and with the current fashion for reviving some of the better outdoor films, it's coming back to the Hoover and Liberty screens.

Exploiting his English accent, Ian Hunter has been made into a law-abiding English rancher whose death at the hands of the Hickey gang (Hickey himself being played with his customary callousness by Gene Lockhart) is the spark that fires Taylor into returning to lawlessness after a period of unusually good behaviour.

To Brian Donlevy falls the task of showing him that the law must be left to the man who wears the right badge.

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The thrills come thick and fast in "Poison Ivy", with Eddie Constantine playing Peter Cheyney's slap 'em and kiss 'em hero in a fashion that should make his creator rest happily.

That favourite haunt of the sensation writers, Casablanca, is the locale for the opening of the picture, and naturally the action takes off with a bang—in a bar. A young man is involved in a fight with what appears to be a stranger and during his resulting period of haziness babbles incoherently of gold.

His flights of fancy mean nothing to the police—as any reader of Peter Cheyney's books will anticipate—but to Eddie Constantine, beloved of the gods, bearer of a charmed life and powers of deduction that would shame even a newspaper correspondent, they spell international crime involving almost every known crook in the business.

Before leaving "Poison Ivy", a word on Constantine himself: although he is a household word in France he was born in America and completely failed to make a name for himself there.

In spite of persistent trying, the result he got to screen work was in a crowd scene in "Alexander's Ragtime Band". He next tried to hit the headlines as a singer, but there were many other bass voices going into the battle with bigger babbles behind them, and this too was failure.

It wasn't until he went to France with his wife—a ballet dancer with the de Bas company—that he began to find his feet via parts in quite small films. The final joke is on Hollywood: they are talking of making a film of his life-story!

Cowboy Under A Microscope

"Man Without A Star" is one of the new type westerns in which one man is brought into the open and peered at through a magnifying glass which exaggerates every movement and gesture he makes.

In the old style and routine westerns the plot always runs true to pattern and although there may be a featured player, his capabilities are usually such that the glare of the limelight is tempered towards him and his acting imperfections partly masked behind western props, character actors and plenty of horses.

Kirk Douglas, on the other hand, is obviously of the opinion that he is now an experienced enough actor to shout, whisper, fight, and make love with nothing to distract the attention of the audience from his performance.

To a certain extent he is justified in this assumption. He is an interesting personality, he does command attention and he can act. The question is whether all the amount of energy he expends on proving it in "Man Without A Star" is worthwhile.

He's just a roving cowboy who's continually moving on away from the wire fences that



A scene from "The Eternal Sea".

mirals with such familiarity that one's sense of proportion is sorely tried.

We've been used to films about the sea in which everyone from an able seaman to the first lieutenant has a problem, but we're not used to watching an admiral writhing under the microscope and although one cannot help saluting the strength of purpose of the man who inspired the film, I'm not sure that I like to see a group of responsible men being made to look silly because they have overlooked an old, unregulated regulation allowing a wounded officer to choose whether or not he will be retired.

Of course there is a great deal more to the picture than this—some excellent action shots of aerial warfare from a carrier—interestingly photographed scenes from the "brain" of the carrier while it's aircraft are carrying out an attack many miles away—and some good acting from both Sterling Hayden (who I must confess I didn't think had it in him) and Dean Jagger.

But the force of character of Admiral Hoskins would have come over with more power had his story been treated with less sentimentality.

We all know that every sensitive man with a family likes to be with them, knows and appreciates their loneliness while he is away from them, and when faced with a choice, would rather accept a job using less than his capabilities in order to be able to spend more time with them.

But, as the point of "The Eternal Sea" was to emphasise Admiral Hoskins' battle and victory over the prejudice against using a man who had lost a leg gallantly in action, too much stress was laid on his private life and the influence of his wife—an unfounding role taken by Alexis Smith.

Fernandel Faces And The Follies

ADDED ATTRACTION —

A VISIT TO M-G-M STUDIO

Actual behind-the-scenes view of the booming activities at the studio as well as glimpses of pictures in production.

SUNDAY MORNING MATINEE: REDUCED ADMISSION

HOOVER at 12.00 noon LIBERTY at 12.30 p.m.

Assortment of Newest 1955

MGM COLOR CARTOONS

In CinemaScope with Perspecta Stereophonic Sound.

The long-suffering producer is attempting to carry out a re-enactment of the "Folies Bergere" throughout the film. The plumber interrupts his wife carries on back-chat with the artists on stage, the principal dancer's recruitment turns out to be a typical panther escapes, the chief of police gets accidentally mixed up in the show, all of which diversions are treated with a mixture of amused indulgence by the female director (a mature character slightly annoyed with the producer) and amused irritation by the producer himself.

Bussieres has the face of an amiable horse—a slightly more acetic Fernandel with the same infinite variety of facial expression. Make a note of his name, anything in which he appears is bound to produce the unexpected.

### NEW BRITISH STAR



Jean Carson, a new young English star who will soon be appearing in J. Arthur Rank's "As Long As They're Happy".

## QUEEN'S & ALHAMBRA

2.30, 5.15, 7.20 & 9.30 P.M. 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.

## SHOWING TO-DAY

Something New.....Something Different.....



Distributed by United French Film Ltd.

## QUEEN'S & ALHAMBRA

### 5 SHOWS TOMORROW

"PARIS FOLLIES"

EXTRA PERFORMANCE AT 11.30 A.M.

## HOover : LIBERTY

CAUSEWAY BAY TEL 72371 KOWLOON TEL 50333

## OPENS TO-DAY

AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.



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In CinemaScope with Perspecta Stereophonic Sound.

## EMPIRE

### SHOWING TO-DAY

AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.

FOR THE FIRST TIME IN COLOR!

The three most exotic stars in ONE GREAT SHOW!



TO-MORROW

SUNDAY MATINEE AT 12.30 P.M.

TONY CURTIS in

"BEACH HEAD" (TECHNICOLOR)

Reduced Prices: \$1.00, 70 Cts. & 40 Cts.

## The Garrison Players

MEMBERS ARE REMINDED THAT THE

### ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING

will be held at 8.30 p.m. (prompt)

on TUESDAY, JUNE 7th

in the

SEAMEN'S MISSION

Gloucester Road

NEWCOMERS INTERESTED IN DRAMA

ARE INVITED TO ATTEND.

## Interesting News Stories From All Parts Of The World

# Confucius Speaks To Him In Dreams

Three times in the last 30 years Confucius has said things in dreams, to Yun Gee, the well-known Chinese-American artist and inventor.

The last time, Confucius said a mouthful.

Yun Gee figures that by following the great philosopher's advice he stands to make a million dollars within three years. Confucius, in the dream, told Yun Gee how to complete a game for which the world has waited 45 centuries.

The game is four-man chess. Gee claims Archimedes in 250 B.C. and Confucius himself in 500 B.C. both tried, and failed, to invent it. On the "four-dimensional" board, which Gee has patented, four, three or two persons can play chess or checkers.

#### First Anniversary

This is the first anniversary of the four-man chess set, and during the year, Gee says, 10,000 sets were sold in America, the Philippines, Cuba and Canada.

There are nine million chess players in the United States and more than 100 million elsewhere in the world. Gee expects his sales (the sets are at three prices: \$3, \$7 and \$10) to jump to a million sets next year and five million the year after that.

"As soon as we are selling 10 million sets a year, we'll start building my lunar tube—in Arizona, where there's solid ground," Gee said, bubbling with optimism.

The reference was to his celebrated "Tunnel to the Moon" which he designed, copyrighted, and had signed by three engineering consultants in 1948.

# Would Shakespeare Have Approved Of "Joe Macbeth"?

By Robert Musel

London. A loud shriek of "murder" rent the air on the set of "Joe Macbeth".

"Who screamed?" I inquired innocently. "Shakespeare?"

For there are those who would say this movie doth murder "Macbeth", as surely as the voices said he murdered sleep.

Square-shouldered, burly Paul Douglas stared me down. "I have reason to believe," he said, "that the Bard would have approved of what we are doing here."

Douglas did not reveal his associations with Shakespeare, who died three centuries before Columbia decided to convert his tragedy into a gangland thriller.

He was in costume as Joe Macbeth—felt hat brim down over his eyes, hands jammed into the pockets of his long, dark overcoat. He looked like an underworld big shot—and, in fact, he was just that.

**Perfect Casting**

As far as producer Mike Frankovich is concerned, Douglas is a double case of perfect casting. Not only does he fit perfectly the role of a modern Macbeth but he knows enough about Shakespeare to argue with aroused Britons who consider the film just this side of sacrilege.

"Joe Macbeth" was written by Philip Yordan who got an Oscar this year for the film "Broken Lance". He describes it as a "paraphrase" of Shakespeare.

United Press.

though there are many differences.

Those who have read Macbeth will recognise our story. Those who read it and didn't understand it will now understand it. And those who never read it will now know what it's about. So everybody ought to be happy."

Except, perhaps, Shakespeare.

United Press.

records had been more gradual until early this year when industry-wide price cuts made it possible to buy a small, light extended play record for the same price as a 78.

The price cut probably stimulated a lot of people to buy a slower-speed gramophone where they had hesitated before because of the higher price of long-playing records," said Mr. Kanaga.

The trend away from 78s has been accelerating terribly," said Mr. Larry Kanaga, Vice-President and operations manager of RCA Victor records.

"Four months ago our sales of single records were divided about half and half between 78s and 45s. Now 78s are down to about 40 per cent and 45s up to 60 per cent."

**Losing Popularity**

At Columbia records, a spokesman said the 78 rpm record had faded even more sharply. The old-type record now accounted for only 35 per cent of Columbia's total sales.

The 78 has been losing popularity ever since LP records went on the market in 1948.

But the shift to longer-playing

records is becoming the best-seller of the trade.

Tin Pan Alley in recent weeks

has reported drops up to 50 per cent in sales of 78s compared with sales last winter.

The big price cuts on the longer-playing records, put into effect shortly after the beginning of the year, was a severe blow to the 78s.

King Duncan is the big boss.

He is the scheming, ambitious wife who goaded him to murder her is now Lily Macbeth and blonde Ruth Roman is giving the part a few sexy overtones that Shakespeare left out of the sleep-walking sequence.

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# HOMESIDE NEWS PICTORIAL



HEAVY rain did not dampen the spirits of many who went to the opening of the summer season of the Battersea Festival Gardens in London. Clutching candy floss in one hand and a gaily coloured umbrella in the other, actress Chin Yu (left) keeps the rain off herself and Josephine Griffin. (Express)



A special feature of the Searchlight Tattoo taking place at the White City in July will be a performance by the Arab Legion Band (the Band of the Army of Transjordan). It comprises 150 musicians, including bagpipers. Six of them are here snapped stepping out at Woolwich Barracks, where they are staying.

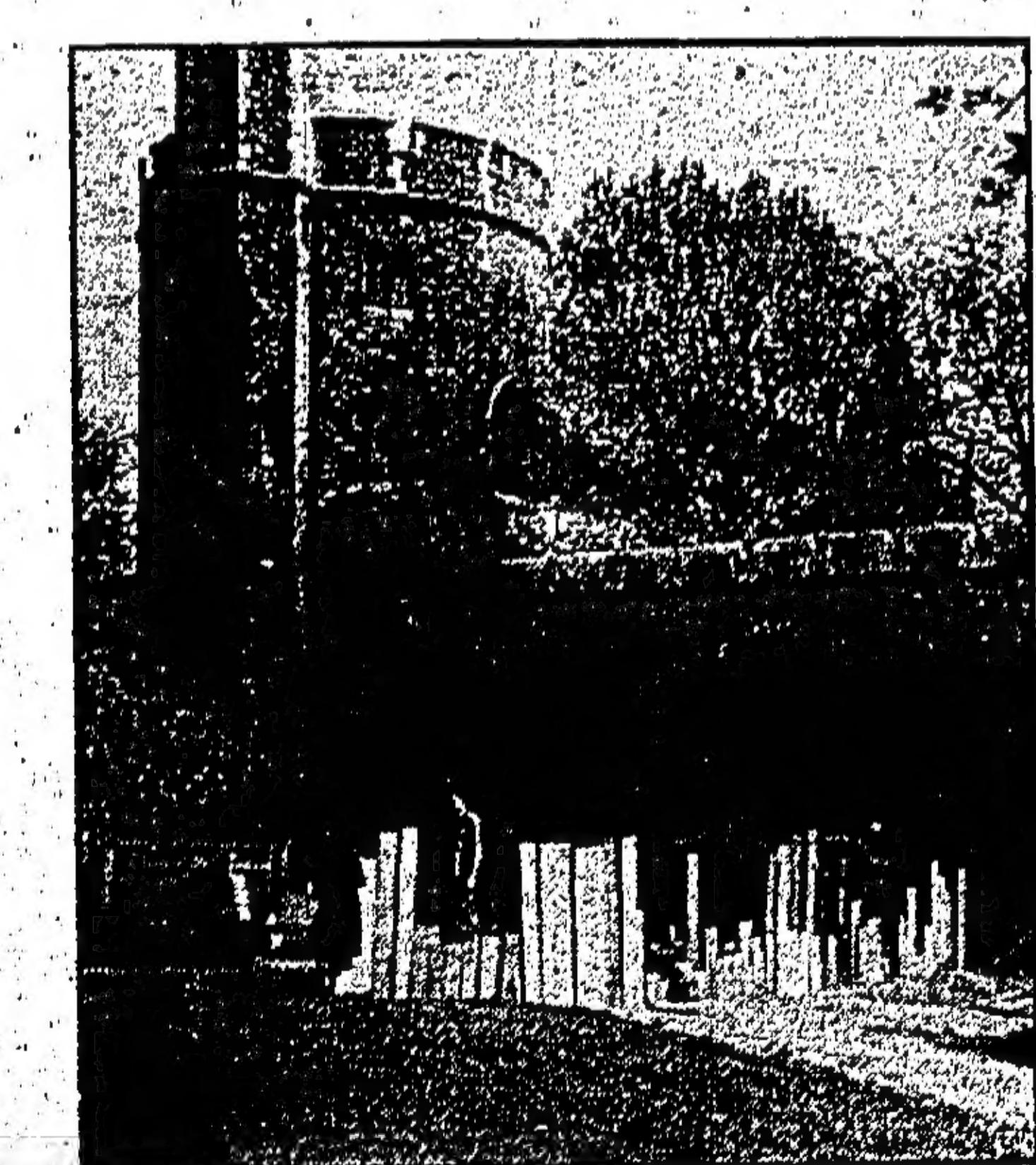


WHAT'S it like to command an American Air Force base? An 11-year-old English boy found out on U.S. Armed Forces Day at Brize Norton. Martin Eagle (above), of Oxford, was injured in collision with an American lorry and underwent several operations. The airmen admired his courage, and decided to make him colonel for a day. (Express)



COLONEL James Carne, the Glorious Gloucesters' VC (second left) paraded the other day in a guard of honour. It was for 21-year-old Anne Valentine, who married Captain Stanley Davies at the centuries-old parish church of East Budleigh, Devon. Captain Davies is the Army chaplain who was made an MBE for his part in the Gloucesters' stand at the battle of the Imjin River, in Korea. (Express)

SERGEANT Ivor Sopp, 26-year-old British soldier who became a Moslem and changed his name to Sharif bin Abdullah, shows his 18-year-old wife, Aminah, the sights of London. And on the tour he discarded his Army uniform and donned a multi-coloured Malay outfit. (Express)

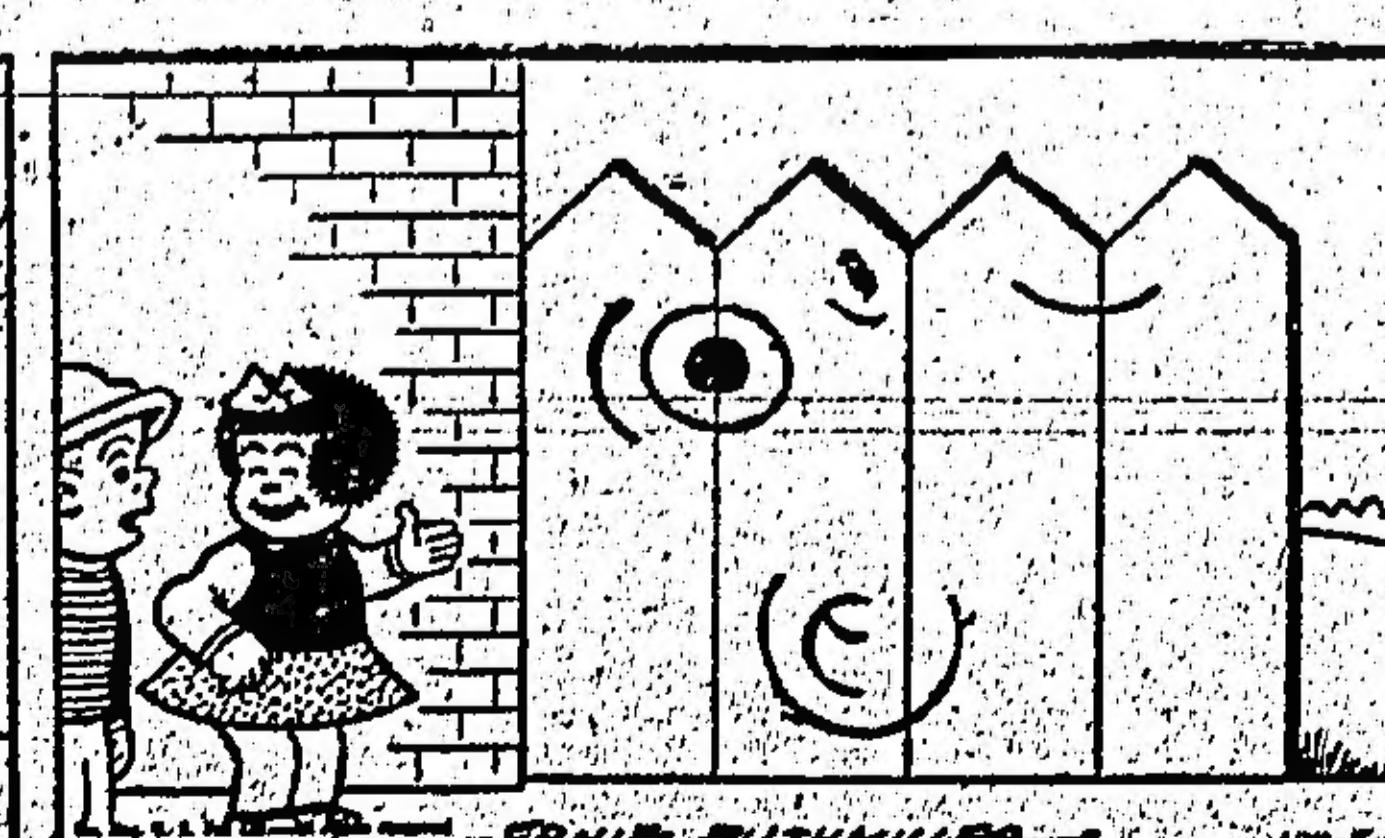


THEY are digging a hole at the Tower of London. And at the bottom of it they hope to find history older than the Tower itself. The history they hope to find is the remains of a Roman wall. So far, there have been no signs of it, but digging is continuing. (Express)



THE Rev. Elsie Chamberlain, who is to become the first woman chairman of the Congregational Union. She is probably the first woman to head one of the great religious denominations. She is on the staff of the BBC's religious department. (Express)

NANCY



By Ernie Bushmiller

**BLACK MAGIC**  
ASSORTED  
CHOCOLATES

**PARIS NEWSLETTER  
FROM SAM WHITE**

## The Gipsies Lose Their Viscountess

In 1939, the Viscountess de la Rochefoucauld, then 39, left her husband, heir to the Due de Doudeauville, France's premier aristocrat, and her daughter for what was to be a week's visit to her family in Madrid. She never returned. Instead she went to live with the gipsies in their cave dwellings outside Granada.

The 58-year-old Viscount de la Rochefoucauld was never to see her again, until a few weeks ago. He wrote to her regularly during the intervening 16 years, as did her daughter Silvie, now 30.

They continued to plead with her to return to them; for the last few years their letters remained unanswered. She was the daughter of a Marquis de Viana, head of one of Spain's richest and noblest families.

When she married the viscount in Paris in 1924 it was almost a royal occasion. In Spain, family and Church joined forces to induce her to return, but finally they too confessed failure.

Despite her defiance she was never deprived of money. Her cave was luxuriously furnished and even equipped with bath and telephone. She lavished money on her gipsies, and especially on her close gipsy friend, Lola Medina, one of the best-known gipsy dancers in Spain. She made a will leaving all her wealth, including large estates in many parts of Spain, to her and to her gipsy friends.

### FELL ILL

Two years ago she fell desperately ill, and cancer was diagnosed. Once again her family tried to persuade her to move from her gipsy encampment. She refused even to see them. Then four weeks ago she was reported to be dying. Her husband flew to Spain, and finally succeeded in moving her to a clinic in Malaga.

Several of the gipsy friends followed her there. On several occasions they had to be forcibly evicted as they attempted to see her. Before she died she was reconciled to her husband.

Her funeral in Madrid was attended by leading members of the Spanish and French aristocracy. In Spain, where women never attend funerals, dozens of women followed her bier to the cemetery.

Before her death she changed her will, leaving everything to her husband and daughter.

### BOTTLE A DAY

DIVORCEE blonde Barbara "Bobo" Rockefeller, a former beauty queen who has recently received a settlement from her ex-husband banker Winthrop Rockefeller, of five and a half-million dollars—five million for herself and her son and 500,000 for her attorney—is in Paris receiving treatment for allergy to alcohol. The treatment is proceeding well.

Mrs. Rockefeller can now take a bottle of champagne a day.

### QUOTES

Rubirosa: My experiences have taught me that marriage does not add anything to a friendship.

MP M. Brunel: France is for foreigners the most beautiful country in the world because they see it through a glass of wine.

Paris newspaper summing up on a speech by former Foreign Minister, M. Georges Bidault: "M. Bidault criticised sharply the Austrian Chancellor, M. Raab, British foreign policy and American diplomacy and, of course M. Mendes-France. He concluded that the Free World finds itself in great peril."

Parliamentary question of the week—Independent MP M. Jean Nocher wants to know what measures are going to be taken to protect German officers in uniform when they come to Paris.

## EVER HEARD A SNAIL SING?

From ROBIN STAFFORD

SNAILS sometimes sing—and that's only one of the facts packed into a new, 410-page encyclopedia, all about snails.

It has been written at the request of the Paris Museum of Natural History by M. Jean Cadart, teacher, snail-breeder, and son of a snail-breeder.

He says that snails cannot stand wind or drought, and that Frenchmen eat 600 million of them a year—enough to stretch end-to-end, one and a half times round the world.

A snail, according to M. Cadart, has a pretty hard time from the cradle to the table.

He just can't hurry. Remember Lewis Carroll? "Will you walk a little faster," said a whiting to a snail. "There's a porpoise close behind us and he's treading on my tail."

But it isn't the snail's fault that he has to stop for breath every yard or so. He is like a fish out of water and has to retire inside the comfortable humidity of his shell.

All of which involves an acclimatisation session inside the shell, by which time the snail, whose memory isn't all that good, has forgotten what it wanted to do anyway.

M. Cadart reports that the snails on his farm sing a high reedy kind of song after light.

rainfall or when they are put into cages ready for sale."

Snail eating has not always been an exclusively French habit. In the Stone Age cavemen used to stuff cabbages with grilled snails when no one had managed to shoot a pterodactyl for lunch.

Moses banned snails from the Hebrew table on religious grounds. But the Greeks and Romans doted on the "elix amors" and the "elix aspers" (the Burgundy and little grey snails going at 3s. a dozen) in most French restaurants today.

The book gives a hundred recipes, ranging from snail shell broch to a small omelette. If you want to breed snails, the book gives a hundred prizes, ranging from snail shell broch to a small omelette. If you want to breed snails, the book gives a hundred

## All Aboard

The Giles Family Holiday Guide starts at the railway station



### DUDLEY POPE TELLS ANOTHER OF THE WORLD'S STRANGEST STORIES

## THIS NAME WAS DYNAMITE

THE name Nobel is glycerine and nitric acid called dynamite, and the subject Alfred chose for his experiments. It was a dangerous field. Nitrogen compounds of varying stability formed the basis of all explosives, and nitrogen chloride an oil too unstable for its gun-cotton—for a time.

On the day when two army corps will be able to destroy each other in one second, all civilised nations will recoil from war in horror and disband their armies," he wrote.

He could not foresee the destruction of a city in less than a second; and his theories on the sanctity of nations were equally as incorrect as his view on "the fair, but usually repulsive sex."

Eventually, as he grew older, he gave up his activities in his explosives factories and went to Remo, where he lived in a mansion which had a laboratory attached.

French accused Nobel of spying on their own experiments. The British War Office loyalty stuck its gun-cotton—for a time.

Then it too adopted ballastite.

Nobel then invented fulminating caps. More inventions followed and soon he had 129 patents. Before he was 50 years of age Nobel was reaping a fortune all over the world, and he also had a big interest in the Baku oilfields.

While his factories continued to your out explosives—which, due in no small measure to his discoveries, were to revolutionise warfare—he made many plans for the elimination of wars.

Among his ideas was the formation of a council of Europe to which countries must submit disputes a year before making war. The year's wait, he thought, would give them time to have second thoughts. No doubt, it would have done, but their second thoughts may have been the same as the first.

He also suggested a system of collective security under which nations guaranteed to band together against a possible aggressor. But what of Nobel away from the young chemist?

Still Alfred continued his experiments and one day in 1875 he cut his finger in the laboratory. He patched it up with collodion and carried on his experiments with nitro-glycerine. Suddenly he noticed that the nitrocellulose in the finger dressing was uniting with the nitro-glycerine. Nobel, at the age of 42, had discovered blasting gelatine.

These are the bare facts of Nobel's life as the brilliant chemist and successful industrialist. But what of Nobel away from the young chemist?

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He was the lone soul of men. Although a millionaire who could have anything money could buy he did not understand one quite commonplace thing—how to make friends.

Nor did he have any time for women. Perhaps he could not analyse and label them. Maybe he found nitro-glycerine sufficiently unpredictable.

Above all things he loved to talk of science literature—and peace. Peace was a strange topic to an inventor of explosives, and hardly compatible with his views that democracy was a useless form of government.

He was the loneliest of men. Although a millionaire who could have anything money could buy he did not understand one quite commonplace thing—how to make friends.

Nor did he have any time for women. Perhaps he could not analyse and label them. Maybe he found nitro-glycerine sufficiently unpredictable.

But why, one might ask, did he manufacture explosives for armaments?

In December 1898, Alfred Nobel was a sick man. He wrote: "It seems an irony that they now prescribe nitro-glycerine for me. They call it Trinitrotoluene, so as not to terrify the druggists and the public."

One day he sat down at his desk in San Remo to write a report on some samples of nitrocellulose powder. He had just completed it when he had a stroke and died.

In the desk was his will. He had left a considerable sum—21,700,000 by the time the lawyers had finished arguing about it and taken their picnics—to establish peace prizes. These would be awarded "To the person who shall have most or best promoted the fraternity of nations and the abolition or diminution of standing armies and the formation and increase of peace conferences."

Altogether five awards were established—for work towards peace, and for chemistry, physics, medicine and physiology, and literature. Today the prizes are worth about £10,000 each.

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**RICHARD DIMBLEBY,** the man who has enjoyed unique opportunities of seeing its first two years unfold, reports on

## THE ROYAL SUCCESS STORY

# Our Young Queen Has Done Her Work Wonderfully

Two years ago, on govern the United Kingdom about the world. It says that rainy day in and the Commonwealth ac- nothing of the tremendous June 1953, I sat in corduroy to their laws and responsibilities of State that Westminster Abbey customs, to uphold Law and the Sovereign must bear; and watched the splendour Justice with Mercy, to of the self-sacrifice and of the ceremony of Coronation maintain the laws of God, ceaseless devotion to duty that are demanded of a Queen.

Written contract that exists. It is a brief enough document between the Crown and the ment, this Coronation Oath, people, the parchment Oath to cover the governing of which she swears to millions of people spread

Now, two years after her Coronation, we can see how faithfully the Queen has done her work, how clearly she has fulfilled the wish that she expressed in her Christmas Day broadcast from Auckland, New Zealand, in 1953: "I want to show that the Crown is not merely an abstract symbol of our unity, but a personal and living bond between you and me."

### IN PRIDE OF PLACE

IT is not easy to express the feelings that we have for the Queen, or the part that the Monarchy plays in our daily lives.

Love, admiration, loyalty, respect; these are the obvious emotions shared by us all. But behind them there is something deeper and more mysterious that it is difficult to put into words.

I have attended scores, perhaps hundreds of royal and State occasions in my capacity as a commentator. I have struggled as many times to find the right words to describe the true meaning of the Sovereign to the nation.

Her very existence is a guarantee of strength and solidarity, not just to us at home but to the several separate



AND THEN DAYS OF DUTY WITH A SMILE

nations that make up the Commonwealth family, to each of which she is as much "our" Queen as she is to us in Britain.

I wonder if it is not just Her Majesty's personal qualities that affect us, but the realisation that we of Britain and the Commonwealth have preserved our security and our freedom throughout the centuries under royal government.

When we look at the Queen we see, in fact, the Sovereign who, in changing human form, has guided and guarded our affairs for 900 years.

Any assessment of the two royal years since the Coronation must give pride of place to the Commonwealth Tour, magnificent in conception and unique in its compass, for never before had a reigning Sovereign circumnavigated the earth. Elizabeth tried twice to start the long journey as a Princess, being prevented first by her father's illness and second by his sudden death. When finally she reached the Commonwealth peoples she was Queen, and Queen of each country in which she stayed.

This she made clear when she opened the Australian Federal Parliament, addressing it "not as a Queen from far away but as your Queen and part of your Parliament."

### EACH IS INDEPENDENT

THE Australian Prime Minister had the same thought in mind in his speech at Canberra: "The moving truth tonight has nothing to do with high pomp or regal splendour; it is quite simply that you are in your own country and among your own people."

We at home are apt to take too much for granted the co-operation of the Commonwealth. We must realise that the days have gone when Britain laid down a course of action, confident that the Empire countries would follow suit automatically.

Today the hard fact is that each country of the Commonwealth is an entirely independent unit, free to follow policies, if it so desires, that conflict with ours, to form alliances and enter treaties without reference to us.

Each is strong, wealthy, and immensely proud of its independence. Yet, each acknowledges gladly the one link that

holds the world-wide family together—the Queen.

The Royal Tour undoubtedly brought Britain closer and more sympathetic contact with the Commonwealth and Empire. Furthermore through news-papers, films, television, and radio, it brought those countries closer to us.

To see the Queen accosted all over the world, to see her against the splendour of mountain, desert and prairie, of new cities and rich farmlands, all within her personal domain, was to realise more vividly than ever before how vast is the family to which we belong, and how important to the peace and prosperity of the world.

### ROLE IN THE FUTURE

I THINK there is no secret in the fact that the unparalleled success of the Tour led to discussions about the future role that Her Majesty may play as Queen of so much of the earth's surface.

It will not be long surely, before the speed and comfort of air travel will make it possible for her to have a home in each of the Commonwealth countries (and, perhaps, within the Colonial Empire also) which she can visit regularly. It will be our loss, but knowing the full meaning of the Queen's presence with us, we can hardly begrudge the other members of the family their share of the comfort and sense of pride and well-being that she brings.

Second only to her outstanding service to the Commonwealth in the past two years, I would put the success with which Her Majesty has combined the roles of Queen and mother. She has contributed to her arduous programme of engagements (often far too arduous) and her daily work on documents and State papers while still remaining a young unspotted woman and a devoted parent.

"Madam, I should like to express the deep and lively sense of gratitude which we and our people feel to you and to His Royal Highness the Duke of Edinburgh, for all the help and inspiration we receive in our daily lives, and which spreads with ever-growing strength throughout the British realm and the Commonwealth and Empire."

The young Queen, in her Garter robes, gazes steadfastly into the future, the symbol, as the artist said, of the new Elizabethan Age.

Anagnani explained: "In the very pose, I think, of her head, and the richness of the Garter robes I tried to convey all the regal majesty and dignity of the Throne. But that was not all the picture had to show. I wanted to capture in her the spirit of youth. It had to be a portrait, too, of a beautiful young woman."

A great deal is written about the Queen's "private life" that is unworthy. The Royal Family is subjected to torrents of semi-fictional inaccuracies, indeed sheer

The truth is that Her Majesty has little or no private life as we know it. She carries a perpetual responsibility to which she had dedicated herself. If we admire her devotion, it is our duty to see to it that the few moments of privacy left to her are respected.

Particularly is this necessary in the case of the Duke of Cornwall and Princess Anne. The Queen has asked that Charles and Anne shall not be treated yet with the formality due to royalty—a request which may be construed as a mother's desire that her children should not be spoiled.

### HELP AND INSPIRATION

THIS much we can do to lighten the Queen's burden and to help her to maintain the delicate balance between her life as the Sovereign and her life as a wife and mother.

It would be a practical way of expressing our gratitude to her for all that she has done in the two years since she took the Oath and signed her contract with us.

We may leave it, perhaps, to that master of simple, forthright speech, Sir Winston Churchill, to sum up all that we feel in the words which he used when addressing the Queen at his farewell dinner at No. 10 Downing Street:

"Madam, I should like to express the deep and lively sense of gratitude which we and our people feel to you and to His Royal Highness the Duke of Edinburgh, for all the help and inspiration we receive in our daily lives, and which spreads with ever-growing strength throughout the British realm and the Commonwealth and Empire."

NEXT SATURDAY: THE CHALLENGE TO THE DUKE

# SAND, SUN, SOCIETY—AND 29,000 ROOMS

By Jacqueline Engert

New York. millions dredging swamps, creating firm land out of silt from the bottom of the neighbouring bay, laying out streets. He built three hotels and launched an immense advertising campaign. His multi-million dollar investment paid off — more and more hotels sprouted up and more visitors strayed in. This year, four new luxury hotels swung open their doors. The ultra-luxurious Fontainebleau — an enormous semi-circular white concrete monster with 565 rooms — cost \$15,000,000. Rates — \$33 a day to \$200 a day for a penthouse suite. The nearby Golden Gate cost \$8,500,000. It has docking facilities for twenty private yachts.

### Attractions

Florida's attractions besides warmth, parties and familiar faces — deep-sea fishing, hunting, horse and greyhound racing, concerts, water sports and golf. Entertainment programmes are elaborately planned.

Florida is a network of waterways which cover 3,805 square miles and include 30,000 lakes. The watery "everglades" in the south form one of the most exotic spots in the United States. Few people know their way in the wet swampy labyrinth. Boating visitors are warned to take charts. Flitting on the water and in the trailing trees are rare and colourful birds. Wild white beaches are scattered with lovely sea shells. Red mangroves grow as high as 80 feet.

The swamps are dotted with little islands of sawgrass and tropical trees, clumps of palms, papaya and wild rubber and salt prairies. In the waters are tropical fish, alligators, occasional crocodiles, and in the underground bears and snakes. In this strange region live 550 Seminole Indians in quaint straw huts, called "chickees." They support themselves independently — fishing, hunting and poling about the water wilderness in shallow canoes. These Indians waged a fierce and relentless war against the whites early in the 1800s.

### Gold Coast

Batches of little businessmen took off for Florida too — to do business with as many tycoons and relaxing executives as they could find softened by the luxurious winter sunshine.

Along the "gold coast," Miami and Miami Beach take in most visitors of the gold-spinning resorts. Miami has seven miles of ocean beach. It has a special following of old people, who sit out the winter in the sun year after year and trail northwards with the coming of spring like migrant birds.

Newest, Miami attraction is a \$1,250,000 aquarium. Hammerhead sharks, sailfish and other ocean creatures wallow in deep channels through which 6,000 gallons of ocean water is pumped per minute. (Celebrities can go deep-sea fishing themselves for \$40 to \$60 a day.)

Miami Beach is claimed to be the world's hotel capital — its eight square miles provide 29,000 hotel rooms. It was developed from an unknown village in a mangrove swamp. Millionaire Carl G. Fisher spent

A group took refuge in the Everglades and refused to recognise the United States Government. Until recently — until tourists penetrated their territory — they lived undisturbed. Shortly after the United States did so, they declared war on Hitler as a separate nation.

But Florida, the "playboy state," is growing up. Industry is moving in among the hotels. Huge new housing estates are going up for workers, and thousands of Americans are moving south to live all year in the balmy sunshine.

# SHOTGUNS GUARD DIAMOND MAKERS

From RICHARD KILIAN

New York. that its research laboratories had created diamonds—but production costs were uneconomic.

At Spring Lake Dr. Tomarkin and Mr. Vilella said their process is already "highly economic."

Who are these men?

DR. TOMARKIN—he is 59—came to the U.S. from Paris in 1940 to organise a scientific congress. He stayed on.

MR. VILELLA is a graduate of San Juan University, Puerto Rico.

They met, discussed their ideas, raised some money, and bought the farm at Spring Lake.

They installed a 300-ton hydraulic press which gave them the high pressures needed — as much as 350,000 lb. a square inch.

They heated the materials necessary by electricity — as high as 6,000 degrees Fahrenheit — in a small, aluminium cylinder.

They are not the first to produce diamonds—an international sign of wealth—in a laboratory.

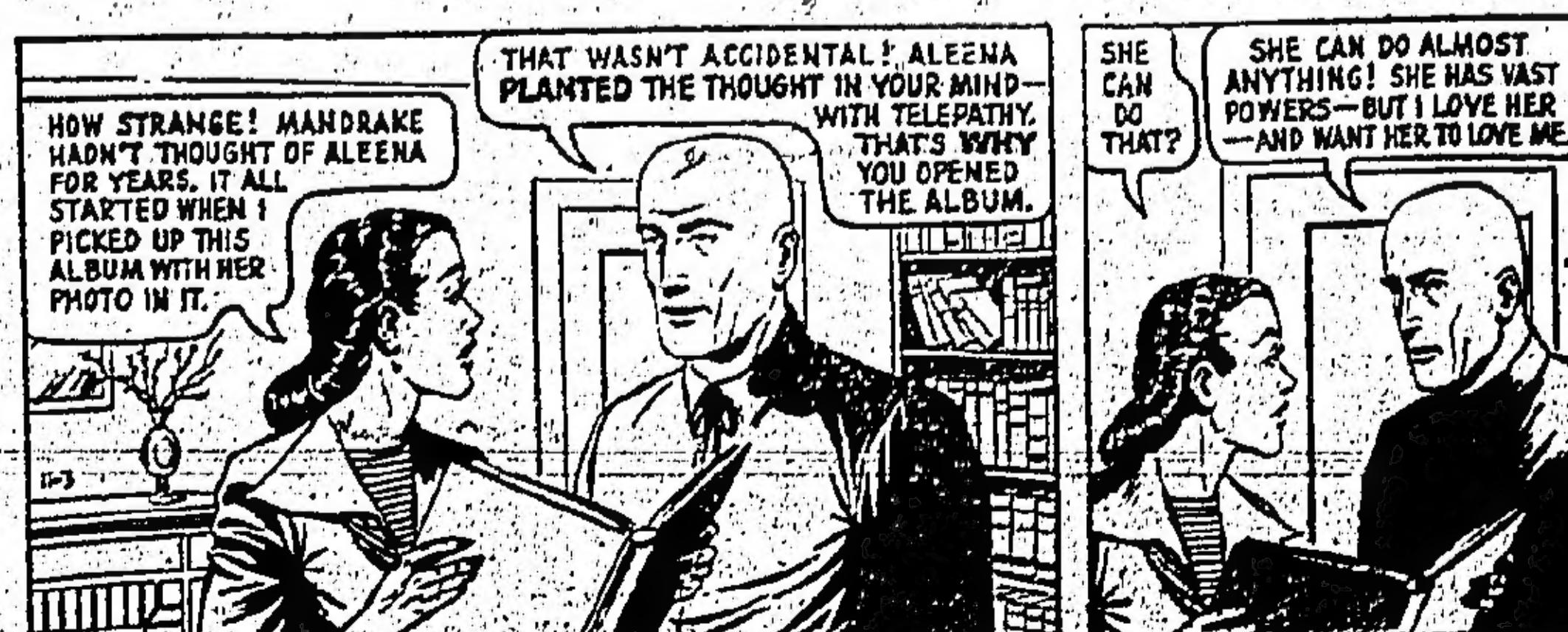
Last February the General Electric Company announced

the secret can be revealed because Dr. Tomarkin and Mr. Vilella have been granted a patent. Now they are planning to move into larger quarters.

They are not the first to produce diamonds—an international sign of wealth—in a laboratory.

And after years of patient, lonely, and devoted work they produced a real diamond.

### MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN



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# THE QUACK AT SEA . . .

FACED with the necessity of finding a completely new job, I'd be willing to try almost anything provided it was neither maritime nor medical.

I am a poor sailor, I love my warm bed, and the sight of blood turns me queasy. It therefore seems quite preposterous that once, at the age of 21, I served in the Merchant Navy as a ship's doctor.

Before any pillar of the BMA has time to raise his eyebrows, let me explain, that I was not engaged in this capacity. I joined my ship—a tramp steamer of some 900 tons—with the rank of purser.

## A passenger

Ordinarily, of course, tramps of that size don't carry pursers; but my friend at the company's head office—who had casually asked if I'd like a trip to South America for the mere cost of my keep—explained, when I jumped impetuously at the offer, that Board of Trade regulations made it necessary for me to be one of the crew.

"To all intents and purposes you'll simply be a passenger," he assured me. "Nobody—and he chuckled at the very idea—is going to ask you to do any work."

Which shows how limited is the knowledge of Leopoldine Street about the ways of the men it sends down to the sea in ships.

"Purser, eh?" sniffed the Captain when I went aboard at Barry Docks. "Oh, well, I expect I can find something to keep you occupied. What's been doing till now?"

His face lit up when I told him I had recently come down from Cambridge. "Ah, that's good. You'll be our doctor." And I was conducted forthwith to the ship's surgery, protesting in vain that I had read law at the university.

## Tremulous hands

The surgery was a tiny compartment sandwiched between the galley and the officers' binnacle room. Except that it lacked a jar of leeches, it appeared to contain the original stock-in-trade of some long-departed healer who had no doubt styled himself "barber-chirurgeon." On a rickety, semi-bald couch lay the tattered remains of a medical encyclopaedia which must have been published only just after they ceased to spell "scurvy" with an initial "f."

Thus equipped, ignorant and squeamish, I set out for the River Plate with the well-being

of 34 men placed with apparent confidence in my tremulous hands.

For the first three days I had no patients, and I wouldn't have cared much about their fate had things been otherwise, for I could find nothing in my surgery to alleviate seasickness. And then, a bare hour after my first solid meal, I received a visit from a most important sufferer.

It was the Captain himself. He had developed a boil in an inaccessible spot; would I kindly deal with it?

I have never prided myself on having a poker face. One glimmed at it, and the Captain's rugged features registered a blend of compassion, contempt and sudden misgiving.

"Still haven't found those sea-legs? Never mind then, I'll see what the steward can do."

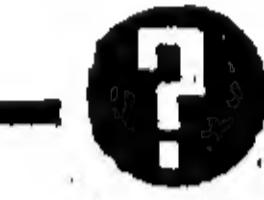
## Another week

Off he went at some haste, leaving me to treat myself for nausea and shock with the brandy I had thoughtfully added to the dusty bottles on the surgery shelves.

When a week passed without another call on my services, I began hopefully to believe that the Captain's report of my ineptitude had spread throughout the ship. It proved false optimism. On our first day out from Mafra, I was summoned from my bunk with the news that one of the firemen—an enormous African with the unlikely name of Robin—had slipped off an iron ladder running down to the engine room. I found Robin lying all over the floorboards, clutching the Japanese steward washed

## Did it happen . . .

Another story in this series by famous writers of FACT or FICTION tales. Did this actually happen? This is a riddle for YOU to solve. Tomorrow the answer will be published.



"What seems to be the trouble?" I inquired, attempting a bedside manner but achieving only an apprehensive croak.

The Jan grinned. "Collar-bone broke," he announced cheerfully.

I looked up. "Collar-bone" in the encyclopaedia? "The arm," I read, "should be strapped across the body as shown in Fig. 6." The page containing Fig. 6 was missing:

"I'd better strap it." I told the steward hollowly.

His grin expanded. "No straps."

"All right, I'll bandage it."

"No bandages."

I lost my nerve. "Ask the Captain if he'd please step down here."

Robin had been silent through this exchange, but with the departure of the steward he began to groan again. His eyes were rolling. Rolling in agony. I told myself miserably—till I noticed that they veered always in the direction of the brandy bottle.

## One patient

Well, at least there was one thing I could do for the poor devil. I poured him a stiff measure, and he had just time to thrust the empty glass back at me before the Captain stalked in.

The Captain was in a bad temper. "What's all this nonsense?" he demanded.

"I think it's a 'broken collar-bone.'"

"Impossible. That'd mean putting back to Madeira. Give him a dose of salts."

"But surely... I mean, if the bone's fractured..."

"It's always worked before." And he stalked out again.

Orders are orders. To have ignored them would have been mutiny. I gave Robin a dose of salts—and that night, sure enough, he was back on his job.

Faith in me as a healer seemed now to have been finally dissipated. Or so I thought until we'd crossed the Equator, when I was made unhappily aware that I still retained one loyal patient, Robin.

Have you ever seen a murdered woman? I did not occur to me that it would ever come within my experience. I am 23 years old. I "have spent the last five years of my life trying to discover how to be a good actress."

But how does a good actress behave when she is confronted by a body?

I have a terrible feeling that it may all have been my fault; that I had been on time, Elsa might still be alive. I meant to be at the Casino at midnight exactly, as the carpet seller had advised.

But I am speedily discovering that one at film festivals is ever on time; that no film ever starts when it is supposed to, and sometimes never seems to finish at all...

TONIGHT was German night at the Film Festival. The delegation of German stars waited until the last possible minute, then swept in under the arc-lights and took their seats.

I went up the stairs to my seat with Peter Glenville. He is the son of that famous principal boy, Dorothy Ward, and her husband, Shaun Glenville. He is a fine director and I once had a part in one of his plays.

The German film was one of those heavy costume romances that seem to go on and on, full of lovely scenes and turgid acting.

When it was over, we walked along the promenade towards the Casino. I did not realize that it was so late, and I thought there would be no harm in going to the party that the Germans were giving at the night club attached to the Casino.

I danced with Peter Glenville and took a drink of champagne from Anatole Litvak (he made that famous film "The Snake Pit") you will remember).

I felt like a great success until I glanced at my watch and realized that it was

past something very amiss with your circulation, you treat it as the other hand, proceed by intuition. That is the only explanation for the extraordinary things you do.

The patients rallied once we had got moving. Unfortunately, however, we had to change at a station big enough to boast a bar, and he had a relapse during our ten-minute wait there.

A crowd gathered to enjoy the spectacle of big African writhing in agony on the platform, and it was with dismay that I saw one of them produce a flask eventually from his pocket as a reward for the entertainment.

I suppose I should have waved it away, but I know, if I had, either Robin, or I would have remained behind, on that platform when the second train steamed out—and I prefer not to contemplate which of us it would have been.

"I'd better strap it," I told the steward hollowly.

His grin expanded. "No straps."

"All right, I'll bandage it."

"No bandages."

I lost my nerve. "Ask the Captain if he'd please step down here."

Robin had been silent through this exchange, but with the departure of the steward he began to groan again. His eyes were rolling. Rolling in agony. I told myself miserably—till I noticed that they veered always in the direction of the brandy bottle.

## One patient

Well, at least there was one thing I could do for the poor devil. I poured him a stiff measure, and he had just time to thrust the empty glass back at me before the Captain stalked in.

The Captain was in a bad temper. "What's all this nonsense?" he demanded.

"I think it's a 'broken collar-bone.'"

"Impossible. That'd mean putting back to Madeira. Give him a dose of salts."

"But surely... I mean, if the bone's fractured..."

"It's always worked before." And he stalked out again.

Orders are orders. To have ignored them would have been mutiny. I gave Robin a dose of salts—and that night, sure enough, he was back on his job.

Faith in me as a healer seemed now to have been finally dissipated. Or so I thought until we'd crossed the Equator, when I was made unhappily aware that I still retained one loyal patient, Robin.

Have you ever seen a murdered woman? I did not occur to me that it would ever come within my experience. I am 23 years old. I "have spent the last five years of my life trying to discover how to be a good actress."

But how does a good actress behave when she is confronted by a body?

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Drawing by Koolman

As it was, Robin soon revived again; and, since the Captain had the forethought to send the Third Officer to meet us at Villa Constitution, progress towards complete recovery was maintained.

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The Third nodded. "Oh, yes, he knows his stuff. He was once an orderly, I believe, in some Tokyo hospital."

"Then why on earth was I appointed ship's doctor?"

The Third looked embarrassed. "Well I shouldn't be saying this, but—well, you see, the Old Man thought you'd like to—well feel you had some sort of responsibility on board."

He said it couldn't, do much harm, so long as you never had a proper patient."

"What about Robin?"

"Oh, Robin. We've been lumbered with that—before. Always coming the old soldier to try and dodge his turn. He just can't get it into his thick skull that we're not all plain mugs."

I didn't say so but it occurred to me that Robin conceivably had something there.

At any other age they put their troubles down to the weather. If the whole family is down with influenza and it happens to be very cold, the vaccination is due to the east wind. If it happens to be a wet, warm winter, then the weather is so unseasonable. Women always could have it both ways.

When your child has chicken pox, it should be obvious that something is wrong with a vital organ and it needs expert care. But no! All children have earache and you stuff the hole with a hot onion or pour down boiling oil.

They make arrowroot so that the spoon stands up in it. They can't keep a temperature chart.

They think nursing means straightening up the bedclothes, making the sick room a hot house, and wondering why an invalid can't eat Irish stew.

Ladies, you appal me. You

can't even tell me in simple language what you are suffering from. You use weird language, and say you have "gastric" or "internal catarrh."

I don't know what you mean, and I'm quite sure that you don't. Why not give up this intuition and THINK?

## What a doctor thinks of women

### LADIES, YOU APPAL ME

By Dr Bellamy Hobson

**M**AN is a reasoning animal. Woman, on the other hand, proceeds by intuition. That is the only explanation for the extraordinary things you do.

Few people, in my experience, have a tougher life than the young widow with a couple of young children. To earn the living run the home, get the kids educated, and show them all the mother love she can afford.

But why make it impossible by imagining that she is invincible? "Oh, I never ill. I haven't time to be!" Who, inevitably, she is, disaster strikes her in the face. Either she tries to work while ill and collapses, or she packs up and goes broke.

The silly part of it is that there would have been no trouble if she had paid a few shillings a week into a sick club, which is the first thing any man would do. Intuition told her that illness was only for other people, and intuition let her down.

Why is it that when a woman has been trained to be a nurse, and had the intuition kicked out of her, she is a miracle of competence; but when she hasn't, she couldn't be more dumb?

No married woman would dream of cooking without having a cookery book, but how many possess a manual of home nursing?

No, they rely on that fly-blown verse: "What pain and anguish rack the brow, a ministering angel thou."

Most of them you don't notice a ticking clock. Now and then you do. Most of the time you don't notice your heart beating—but if you do, what a score it throws. Instead of being reassured, the thing is still ticking over. You rush to the doctor afraid it will stop.

Yet if your ankles swell like piano legs, which surely indicates something wrong with your circulation, you treat it as the other hand—and won't give up this intuition and THINK?

## TICKET TO TROUBLE

By LEONARD MOSLEY

LOUISE FRASER, a young British actress attending Cannes Film Festival, is told to take a mysterious packet to "Jules," a young man who will be playing in the Casino at midnight...

Cannes: "P" ERHAPS it is life or death it self," the Algerian carpet seller had said. And today I know what he means.

ALL the gambling tables were crowded. I saw the Dockers playing at one table, the Begum Aga Khan at another. Doris Day was having a mild flutter.

But where was Jules, the young man for whom I was

murdered? I prodded one in the morning. And I had a date with Jules in the Casino for midnight.

I excused myself and went up through the communicating corridor to the Cannes Casino. I showed them my passport and handed over 300 francs and they let me pass through.

But you will find Elsa in the car—and you will give the envelope to her."

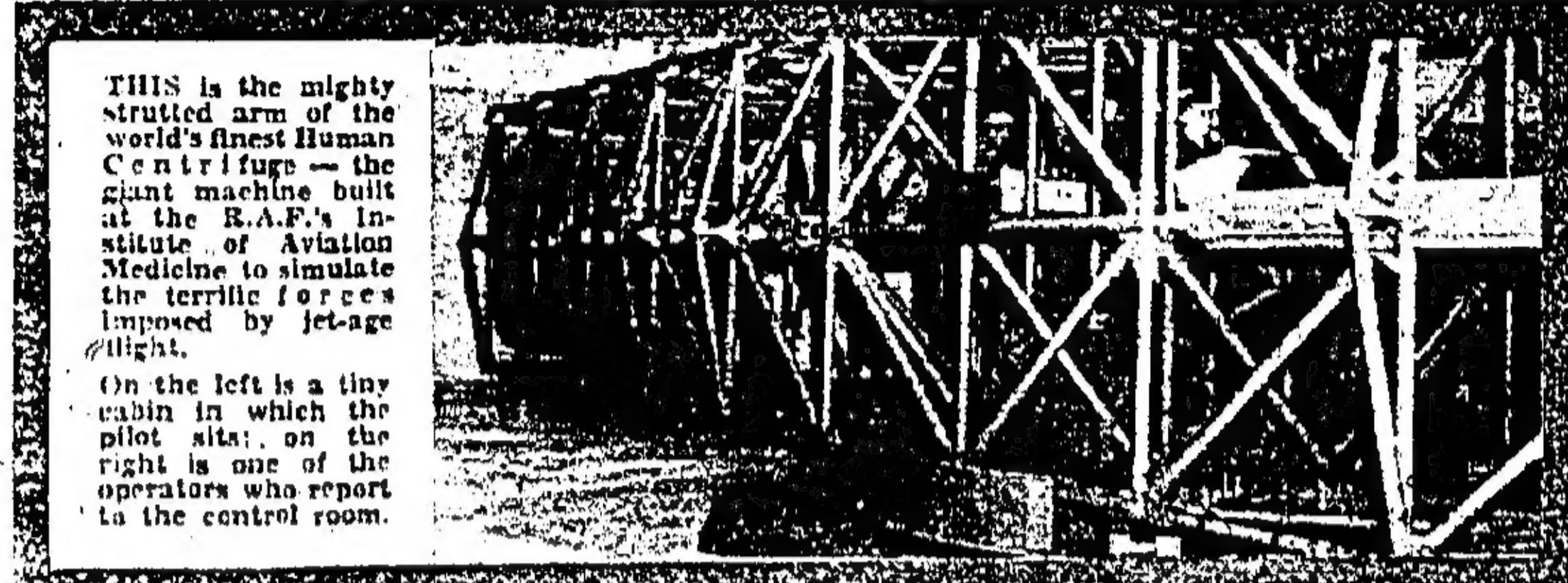
I was very pale, he looked very frightened, and his tone of voice was so urgent that I could not help but obey him. I took up my chips and walked to the cashier, and absent-mindedly stuffed the notes into my purse.

# THIS IS THE PRICE OF SPEED!

First pictures from Britain showing the strain jet-age airmen must submit to

A SUPER merry-go-round built to find out just how much punishment the jet-age man can take while still staying in control of his plane was put into action at Farnborough, Hants, yesterday. TWO CABINS like miniature space-ships hang from the ends of a 62ft. rotating arm which will whirl men round until they experience devastating strains up to ten times the force of gravity...

## HOW THE MONSTER MERRY-GO-ROUND WORKS



THIS is the mighty struted arm of the world's finest Human Centrifuge — the giant machine built at the R.A.F. Institute of Aviation Medicine to simulate the terrible forces imposed by jet-age flight.

On the left is a tiny cabin in which the pilot sits on the right, one of the operators who reports to the control room.



by CHAPMAN PINCHER

THE first man to dare the forces which simulate the toughest physical stress imposed on pilots in jet-age combat was Flight-Lieutenant J. A. M. S. Fitzsimons, an RAF doctor-scientist.

I saw him strapped alone in the green-lit cabin slung from the arm of the Human Centrifuge, as the giant merry-go-round is called.

His only protection was an anti-G (for Gravity) suit. Electric leads were attached to him to measure his heart-beat, brain-waves, and blood-pressure.

### Greying out

THEN the huge concrete arena housing the £350,000 machine was cleared.

Standing in the control room I heard Fitzsimons' voice over the loudspeaker give the signal:

"Ready to start, Controller."

Switches were thrown, and the 2,200 horse-power motor began to spin the struted arm.

Suddenly its speed raced with fantastic acceleration, a running record of Fitzsimons' reactions during his ordeal.

The cabin swivelled out until it was almost horizontal. For five long seconds the control room at which blood was drained from his face and just how his heart had tried to win the battle against increasing G's.

Soon Fitzsimons and other RAF doctors of the Farnborough team, led by Group Captain William K. Stewart, will be risking the rigours of up to 10 G's.

The cabin will be fitted with dummy controls so that the pilot's reaction time—the delay before his muscles begin to obey his brain—can be measured under G's severest stresses.

### Redding out

THE doctors will even be whirled upside down to measure the effects of "redding out"—the painful pressure caused by blood rushing to the brain in a power dive.

It is the violent changes of speed in the twists and dives of supersonic flight which subject a pilot to the savage stresses of G—not the speed.

Only the self-inflating rubber balloons of his anti-G suit pressing on his legs and stomach stopped him blacking out completely.

Then came the comment: "I am all right now," as the self.

From their findings the machine slowed down. In a quiet recording room RAF doctors hope to develop other doctors had been more effective anti-G devices.

**G** —WATCH  
AS IT TAKES A PILOT  
INTO ITS GRIP...

THIS is what happens at the moment when an airman feels the tightening grip of his insidious enemy, G—the force of gravity. The loose skin of his face is pulled downwards, his eyes begin to burn, his eyelids feel dry and gritty. As blood drains from his eyes his vision is blurred and he "greys out". As the G force increases, his teeth are bared like those of a snarling dog. His blood—as heavy as molten iron when the stress reaches six G's—rises to his legs and blinds him by robbing his eyes of their oxygen supply. He "blacks out". Under the stress of still more G's, his heart is beaten in its efforts to pump the heavy blood to his brain and he becomes unconscious.

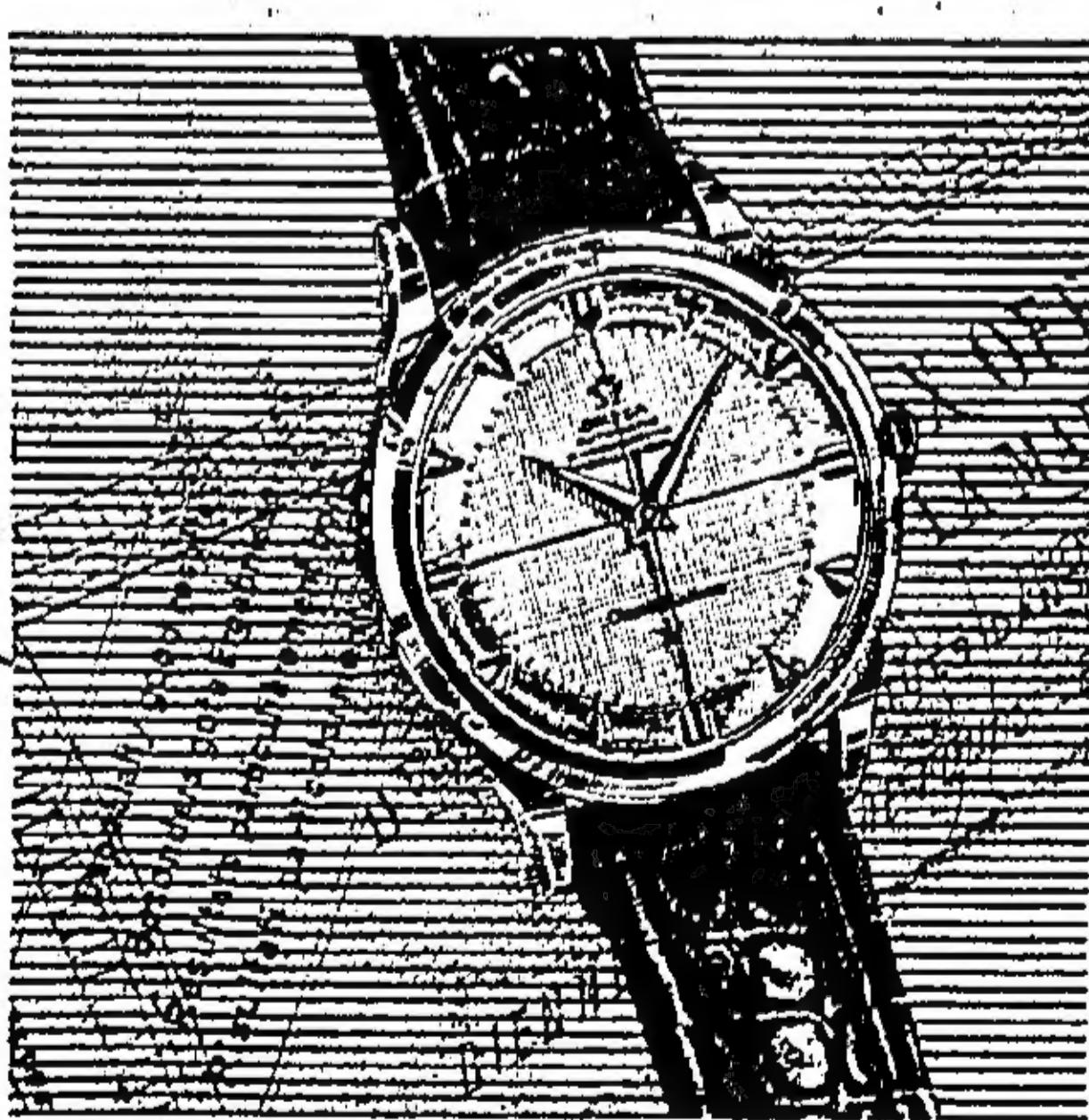


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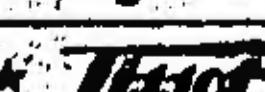
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## Those Teen Age Frenzies—True Or False?

An Investigation By ANTHONY HUNTER

"COME away, dear," said the short-sighted old lady. "It must be right."

It was worse than that—it was a riot.

From a safe distance I watched 500 sobbing, swooning, shrieking teenage girls fighting literally to scale the vertical sides of the London Palladium.

Above their heads a slim, passable-looking chap of 26 mopped his brow and waved wanly. He had just climbed hurriedly to the roof to avoid the risk of being torn to pieces.

This is fan-fever. The hunted man was Johnnie Ray, American crooner and idol of bobby-soxers dreams. His voice has been compared to a "buzz-saw" and a "siren."

He is not the only one. He is at present "the reigning 'Nabob of Sob'" to weep, tear his hair, and gesticulate over

the stage microphone. The singer, earning more than £20,000 a year, Even Britain him a reputed £150,000 a year, despite his modest £11,000 a year, can raise a very noisy swoon from 4,500 crazy fans.

What is this fan-fever? Is it a real emotion? Or is it just a rowdy outing for boydens and Teddy-girls? Do the bobby-soxers really worship these "heart-string halloweens" or are they whipped up by sweating publicity men and "professional" swooners placed strategically in the audience?

There was only one way to find out. I went to see ten of Johnnie Ray's fans picked at random.

My first fan was Janette Robertson, an attractive red-head of 17, who lives in a most respectable suburban home in

Cambridge Drive Lee, S.E. She goes to college to learn shorthand and typing. She is quiet, well-spoken.

Her grey-green eyes sparkled as we spoke of Johnnie Ray: "The moment he comes on stage I scream. It's such a relief to see him," she said.

"Marry him? Good heavens, no. But when he sings, I might do anything. It's his terrific personality."

Miss Robertson organises fan clubs (more than 1,000 full members) in her spare time and "all for love."

"Just hysteria," that is how a doctor described Sinatra swooners. "They don't care tuppence for him really."

Margaret Downey, a tailor's cutter of Roman Way, Holloway, and considered to be Johnnie's No. 1 fan, caught her breath: "I would throw my dress into the Thames if he refused to see me in his dressing-room," she sobbed. By the look in her tear-filled eye, I believe she might. "But he always does invite us in," she added. "He's so kind and natural to his fans."

The newspaper columnist said: "It's just sex gone mad."

Jean Ebdon, 18, who lives at Wishart Road, Kilburn, is a typist (90 percent of Johnnie's fans are). "He's quite different from a boy friend. I want to mother him; he's so boyish. He just makes me go sort of mad and want to rush at him."

### ALL AGREE

Jean Smith, of Alexander Drive, Norwood, is 20 and has no boy friends. "How could I with Johnnie needing me," she said. "I worship him. When he sings it's just him and me. I feel as if I want to tear him to pieces, but I like him too much for that."

A blonde, Jillian Brown, aged 17, of Belmont Park, Lewisham, S.E. "He is such a little boy. It brings out all my motherly instinct. When I see him I want to rush up and bite him. Then I feel all weak."

Shelia Mew, Asylum Road, Walworth, aged 18, Shirley spoke for all the fans: "When he smiles, he really cries, and you feel so sorry for him that you cry too."

Then she spoke for half of the fans I saw: "I wouldn't marry him if I could. I'm going to be married next month."

Silvia spoke for the other half: "Oh, dear, if only I had the chance."

What is fan fever? Is it sex-mad, degrading rowdyism, hypnotism, or what?

Let Pam Jessie's father, landlord of the Two Eagles, have the last word: "All girls are a bit crazy when they're young. I'd rather Pam was a Johnnie fan than a Teddy-girl. Only Johnnie Ray suffers and he's paid to do it."

What have all these girls in common? Average age 17 all respectable, sensible, likable girls on any subject but "their Johnnie." All have been to see him a dozen times, all wear "I Love Johnnie" sweaters, scarves, or rings. All have bulging "Johnnie scrapbooks" pinned up and a complete record album. All joined Johnnie's club of their own accord after seeing him.

### WORSHIPS HIM

What agree on one thing (the first thing they say when you plumb the "goods and annoyances"): "It's his sincerity, he really means what he sings."

As I sat talking to Shirley Oliver of Woodlands Lane, South Oxhey, Hertfordshire, and Silvia Borrell, Theobalds Lane, Holloway, both aged 18, Shirley spoke for all the fans: "When he smiles, he really cries, and you feel so sorry for him that you cry too."

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### JOHNNY HAZARD



By Frank Robbins

...this situation calls for a

**San Miguel**

# WEEK-END WOMANSENSE



Two versions of the beach story. Left: The miniature dress of striped cotton, with bloomers underneath and a separate calf-length skirt. Above: Cotton coat jacket over shorts, in striped cotton.

## New Beach Clothes Are Soft And Feminine

By ANNE SCOTT-JAMES

**I**N a wonderful year for fashion, the news in beach clothes is plentiful and inspiring.

The new holiday things are as delicious as a ripe water melon in a good season, for water melons.

The big trend is for softer, more feminine beach clothes, with the "miniature dress" the newest line.

This is a summer dress cut short above the knee or shorter still. It's usually in cotton, and you wear it as a newer alternative to a shirt and short shorts.

If you prefer shorts or trousers, you'll want one of the new shapes in top to go over them.

There are overblouses of all sorts, from muddy blouses to

London, striped cotton sweaters to wear over your shorts or skirt, rather than tucked in.

There are softish standaway jackets of the coolie, smock, or tunie type. There are old-fashioned blazers.

There is much more colour on the beaches this summer, much less white. And there are new fabrics for beach things, including wool jersey.

I report this as news, but I don't take an enthusiastic view of it. Cotton in all its forms seems much more practical to me.

Hats are the only crazy beach fashion that I would spend money on. Eccentric pants look dated. (Personally, I never wanted to look like a pirate.)

But Italian straw hats in various shapes or with flying

straw hair are amusing—and cheap.

Swimsuits are cut in new ways; they are properly constructed jobs, rather than scraps of cotton.

Most of them are boned, many of them have killed skirts; some are in wonderful prints.

Sun-tan will be lighter. Sun-glasses will be smaller. Hair will be longer and thicker. All symptoms of fashion turning away from the little-boy look towards something more feminine, even on the beach.

The answers

I DECIDED that the best possible gift parents can give their children is poise. I am sure that for every child that wants squatting, there are half a dozen who want more com-

fidence, who need to be helped along.

And I think we have a better knack for this than our parents.

The agonies of shyness we used to suffer are rare among children.

Most gave quite simple, practical solutions.

If they are with us when we meet grown-ups, we always introduce them properly, as though they were human beings not nuisances."

We let them use the telephone. It helps them put their thoughts clearly."

"My daughter does most of the household shopping. Her first real friend was the butcher."

"They go out and entertain a lot. I limit the expense strictly, but not the number of outings."

"I keep them as well dressed as I can. Bad clothes can cause terrible shyness."

"I let them pay bus fares, small purchases and tips."

"I was brought up in a nursery. But our children live with us."

So do stop gushing for us, you bishops and schoolmasters,

you bishops and schoolmasters,

and magistrates, who never tire of telling parents that we do everything wrong.

In this respect I think we are being quite clever.

### New models

MEMO to the thousands and thousands of English girls who want to be mannequins.

Two new models made a resounding hit in London last week.

BOTH WERE AMERICANS.

The first, Barbara Roth, was a lovely high-cheeked blonde of 21 who's studying for the stage.

The second, Diane Chadwick, flew over with the New York designer Jane Derby, for her successful London show.

Diane Chadwick has a strictly beautiful face. Barbara Roth hasn't got perfect model measurements. But both made the clothes they wore look superb.

### WHY?

They were one hundred percent professional. They smiled and looked tremendously happy. They knew how to move to show off each dress. They really sold those clothes.

If there's one thing I admire it's the professional attitude—whether you're a minister, a manufacturer or a model.

(London Express Service)

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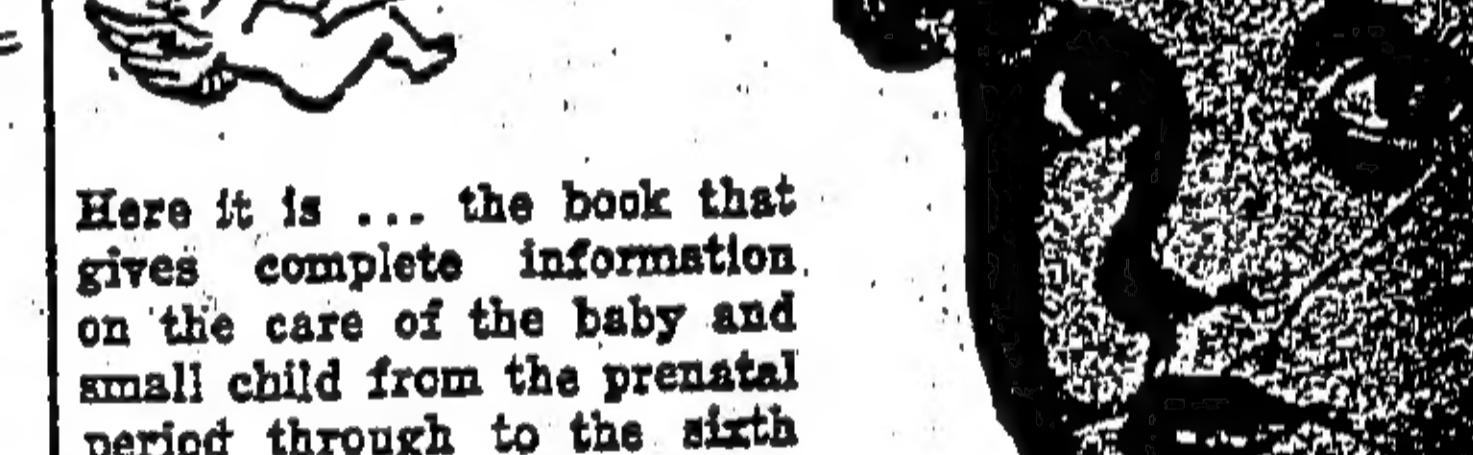
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## ROMANCE IN THE AIR? Few Cases Of Love At First Flight'

Montreal.

TWENTY-FIVE years ago this month, a California nurse named Ellen Church made her first flight in a United Airlines plane as the first air hostess.

Today, there are more than 10,000 air hostesses on American airlines and Trans-Canada Airlines has about 300.

Girls aiming for a career in the air often picture themselves marrying a handsome millionaire but TCA chief stewardess Billie Housman says stewardesses rarely marry passengers. Miss Housman, a native of Central Butte, Sask., says she can remember only eight or nine cases of "love at first sight" during her 11 years with the airline.

### CREAM OF WOMANHOOD

However, 40 percent of the girls every year trade in the job for a wedding ring.

"It's probably because we try to pick the cream of Canadian womanhood," Miss Housman said in an interview.

She said TCA has to turn down two out of every three applicants for the job. But registered nurses who are single, between 21 and 26, between five and five-feet eight and who weighs no more than 130 pounds, are encouraged to apply at TCA interview centres. These are at Montreal, Montréal, Toronto, Winnipeg and Vancouver.

Jean Pelletier, of Kirkland Lake, Ont., assistant supervisor of training, said if a girl is selected she goes through an intensive five-week course.

She learns about meteorology, geography, aircraft recognition and the theory of flight, as well as psychology and good grooming.

### JUST A HAND

Miss Pelletier said hand-grooming is especially important.

"To a distracted passenger," she explained, "the stewardess, serving a meal or offering a magazine, may be just a hand."

The student hostess learns to serve meals at lightning speed; until she can get out 40 pre-cooked meals in less than 16 minutes.

On graduation, the students choose their runs in order of their marks. The popular transatlantic run, for which they pay \$385 a month, goes in order of seniority.

Starting pay on domestic runs is \$24 a month. The domestic maximum is \$378 after seven years' service. Maximum flying time is 87 hours a month—United Press.

## BRAVING THE JUNGLE WITH LIPSTICK AND MASCARA

London. SHE had orange hair and tawny eyes and silver nailails, and a jade-green knitted dress which clung to her well-curved figure.

She was fondling two meerkats which scampered out of her hands and made a rush for my ankles.

"Mind your stockings," said Michalina Denis, traveller, pet-lover, TV star and author of *Leopard in My Lap*.

"Naughty darlings," I said, as they clawed my feet.

Mrs Denis and her husband, Armand, are just back from a game-taking safari in Africa, are here for a month for books, lectures, and films, then off on another danger-laden journey through the belly of the Dark Continent.

### NO GUNS . . .

They will be away a year or more, photographing and filming wild animals. They will take tinned food and cosmetic and colour film and a caseful of evening clothes—but no gun.

It is against their principles for it to be against their principles to take life.

"Please tell me," I said, "how you capture big game."

You don't shoot and I am sure you don't approve of trapping. It must be frightfully dangerous."

"Well, we find the creatures when they are babies," said Mrs Denis, "I caught and reared a lion cub, for instance, and it grew very fond of me."

"Goodness," I said, "where was the lioness when you took the cub?"

"She wasn't there. The poor little cuddly thing was wandering about looking so lost."

"How awful," I said, "and what about your leopard—the one that's in the Manchester Zoo?"

"A narrow squeak," I said. "Tell me about the insects in Africa. Do they drive you crazy?"

"Yes, the only damage was to my shoe. A crocodile snapped at me and tore the sole of one shoe clean away."

"Tell me about the insects in Africa. Do they drive you crazy?"

### ONLY DAMAGE

"No tinted meat, of course," I said. "But one more thing I've always understood—that trapping is much more cruel than shooting. How do you feel about catching these creatures?"

"It's quite all right," she assured me, "if you catch them carefully."

"And what about zoos? Do you mind seeing wild animals in captivity?"

"Not if it's a good zoo. And many animals are happier in captivity. Antelopes, for instance, with territories about them have an awful life."

"They must be a valid life."

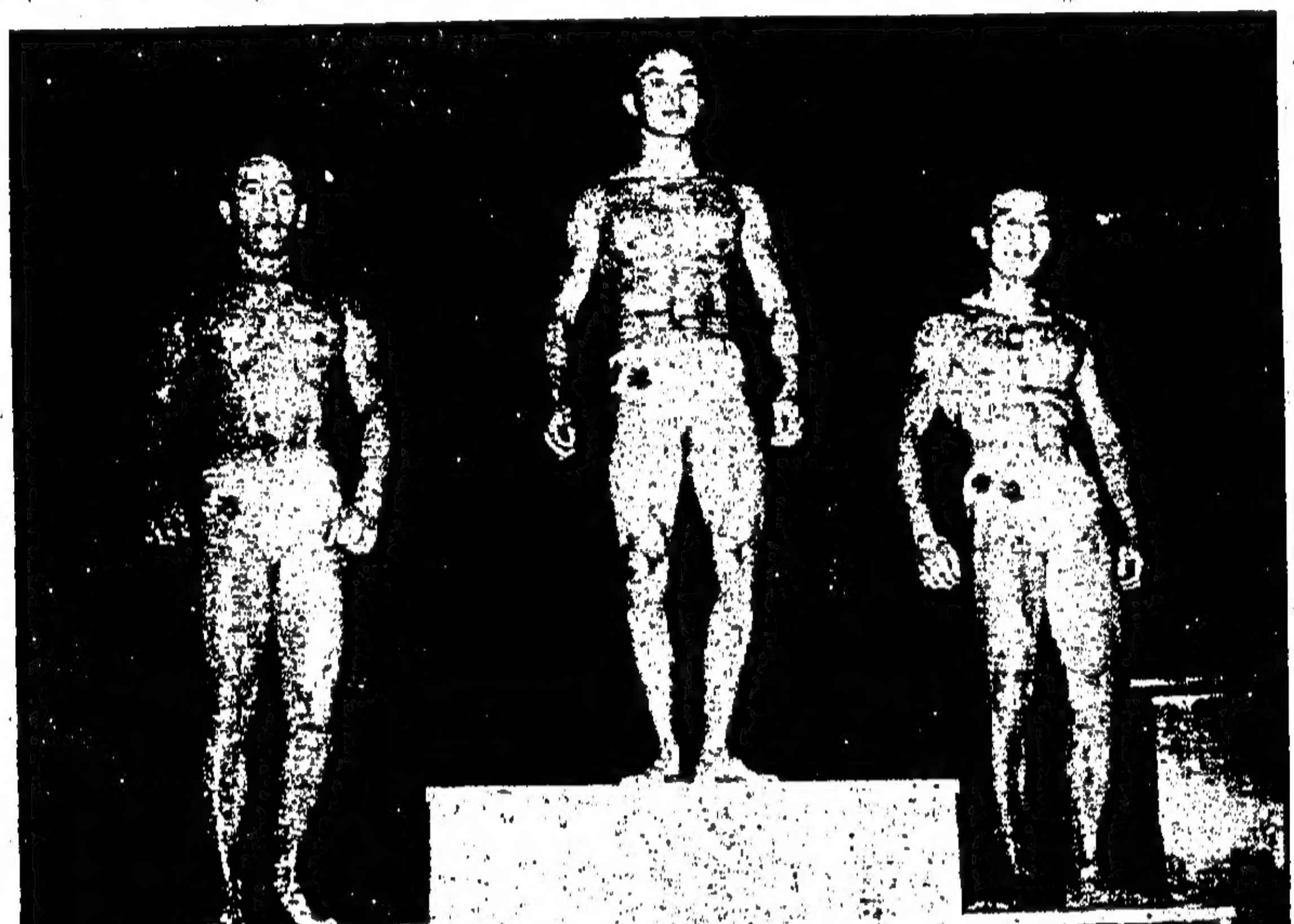
"Goodness, thank you."



MR E. S. Gregg, President of the Westrex Corporation of New York, greeting guests at a cocktail party given in his honour at the Peninsula Hotel by Mr H. More (third from right), Asia manager of the company. (Staff Photographer)



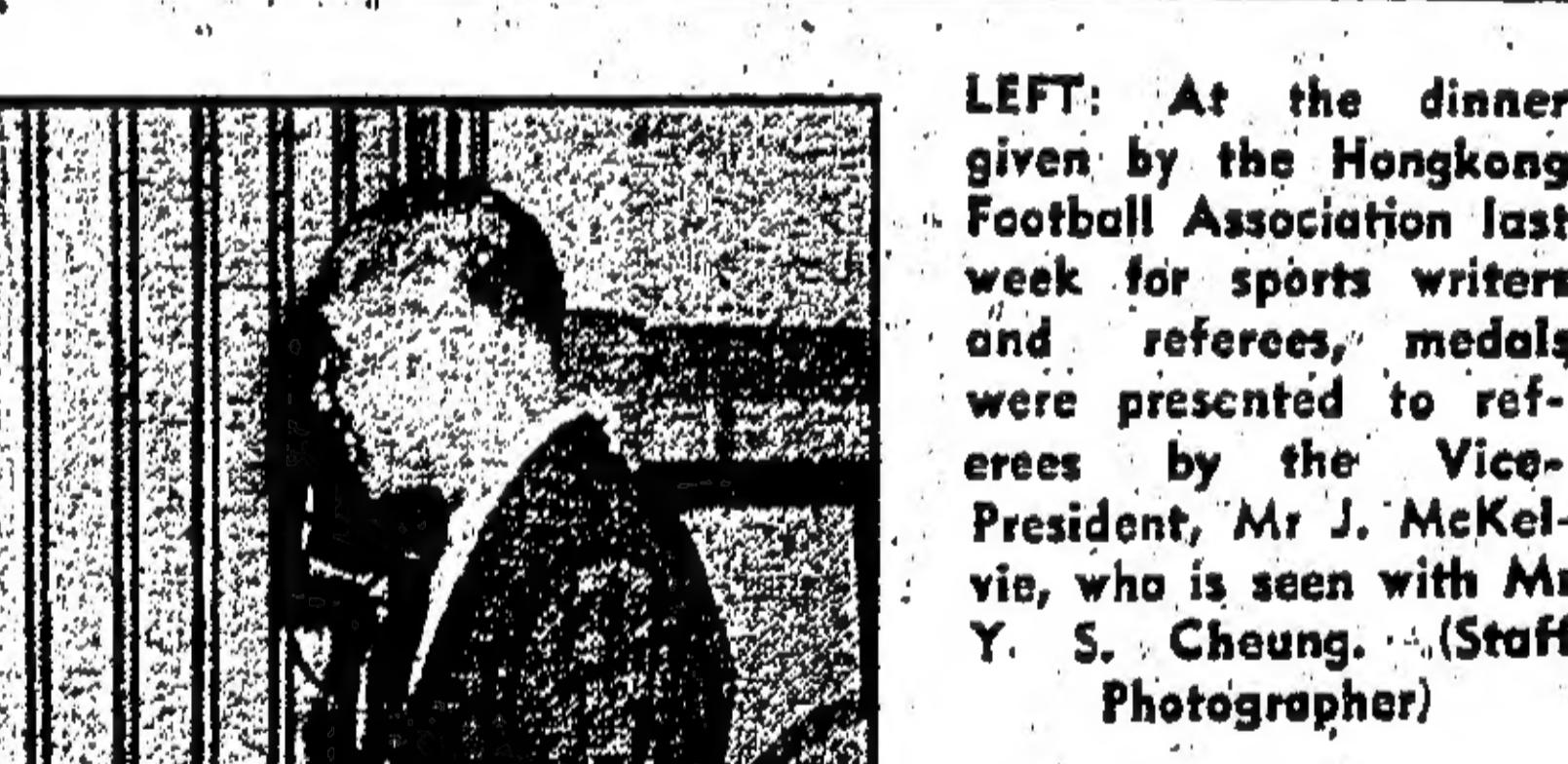
MR Chu Hau-chiu and his bride, formerly Miss Ho Kwai-yuen, after their wedding at the Roman Catholic Cathedral last Monday.



FINALISTS in the "Junior Mr Hongkong" contest held at the Pui Ching Middle School last Saturday. Left to right: F. X. Sequeira, Wong Chuen-kwong (title winner) and Chan Shu-kui. On left: Wong Chuen-kwong receives the trophy from Mr. A. L. Silva. (Staff Photographer)



BELOW: Visitors to King George V School, during its "open day" seeing the children at work in the classroom. (Staff Photographer)



LEFT: At the dinner given by the Hongkong Football Association last week for sports writers and referees, medals were presented to referees by the Vice-President, Mr J. McElvie, who is seen with Mr Y. S. Cheung. (Staff Photographer)



BELOW: Mr N. K. Littlejohn (right), Assistant Director of Public Works, who is retiring after 25 years, receiving from the Hon. Theodore L. Bowring a farewell gift from his colleagues. (Staff Photographer)



BELOW: Dr Guido Relli, Consul-General for Italy (centre), greeting Lt-Col O'Wighton D. Simpson at the cocktail party celebrating Italian National Day. (Staff Photographer)



CHRISTENING at St. Joseph's Church on Wednesday of Marycke Anne, infant daughter of Mr and Mrs Li Rolla. (Ming-Yuen)



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MR Francis J. Chen, President of the Hongkong Junior Chamber of Commerce, is seated between Mr Richard G. Matheson, Jaycees Regional Vice-President for North America, and Mr E. LaMar Buckner, National President of U.S. Junior Chambers of Commerce, at a dinner held in the visitors' honour at Winner House. Right: Mr Buckner handing a cheque for "Operation Brotherhood" (aid to Vietnam refugees) to Mr A. de O. Sales, Regional Vice-President for Asia. (Star Photographer)

BELOW: Gathering at the christening of Judith Anne, infant daughter of Mr and Mrs Thomas Stylas, at St Andrew's Church last Sunday. (Mainland)



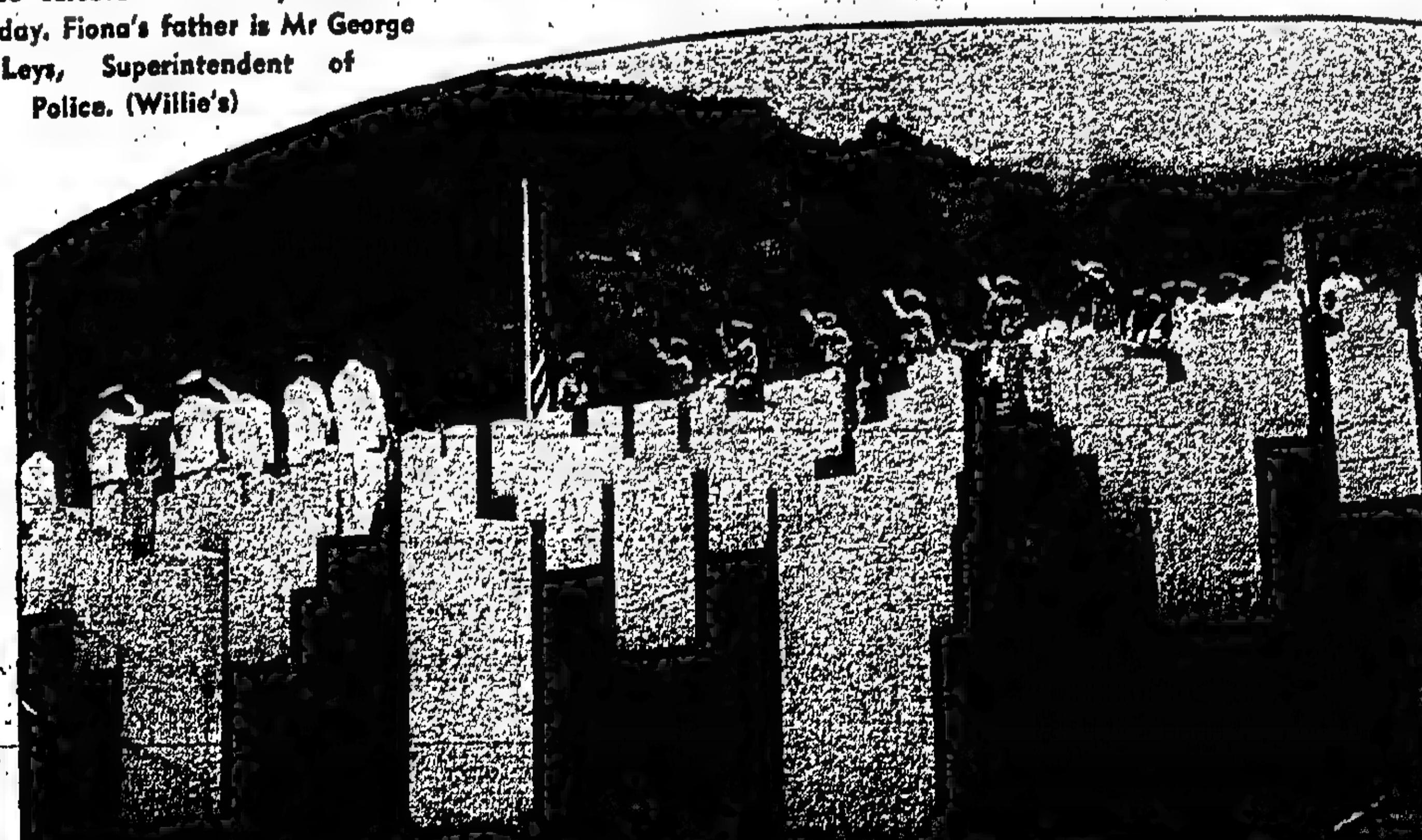
RIGHT: Mr T. S. Pugh, Managing Director of the Hongkong Telephone Co., Ltd., making a presentation to Mrs C. M. Sequeira, who has retired from the company after 52 years' service. The party was held at the Blue Heaven Restaurant. (Staff Photographer)



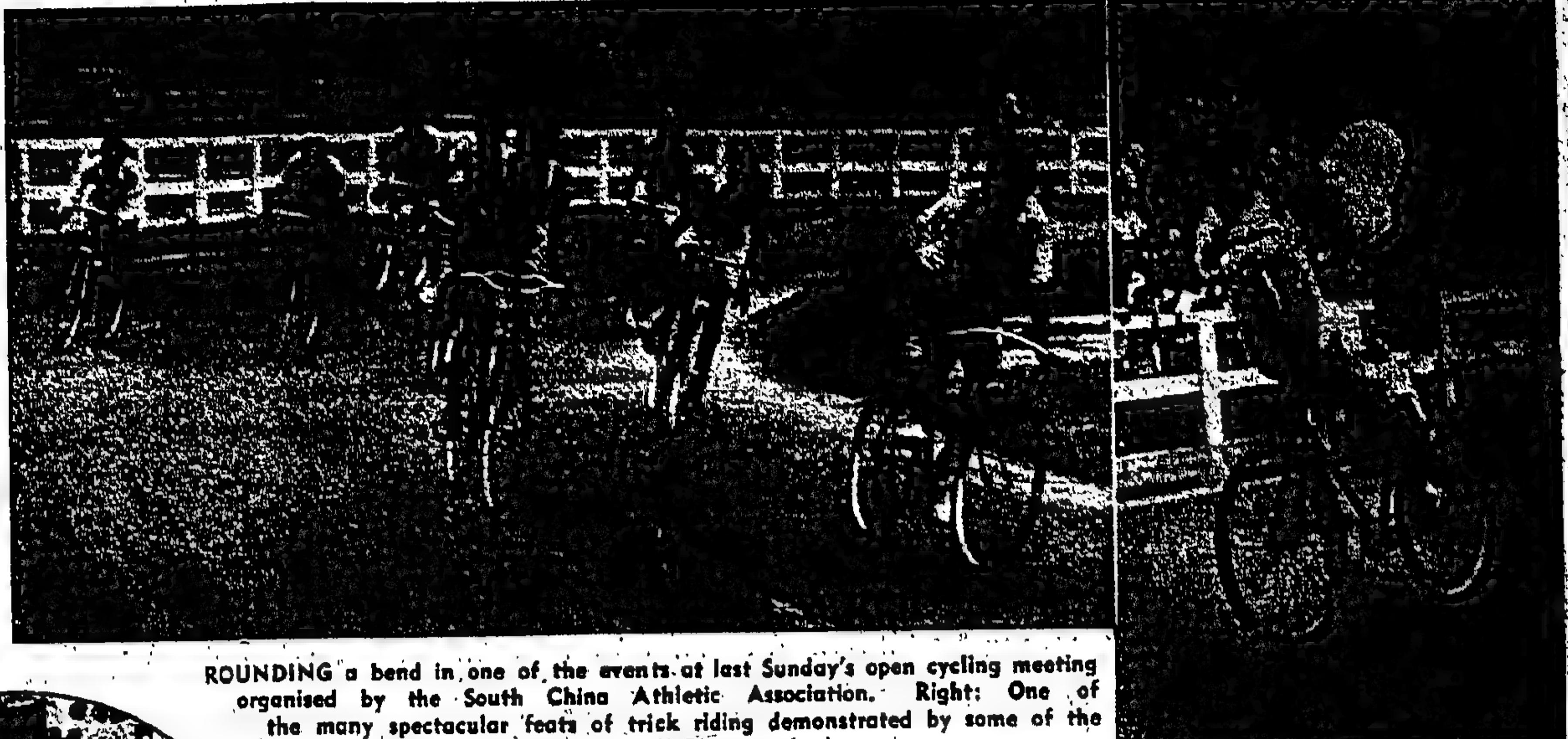
FIONA LEYS and her friends who attended the party she gave to celebrate her seventh birthday. Fiona's father is Mr George Leys, Superintendent of Police. (Willie's)



LITTLE  
Rocky Chan, who was entered in the  
light-weight division at the Athletic  
Boxing Club championships last Saturday,  
receiving a cup from Mr H. G.  
Richards. (Staff Photographer)



A guard of honour from the 13th U.S. Air Force based at Clark Field, Philippines, firing a salute during the service held at Salwan Military Cemetery on U.S. Memorial Day. The service was attended by a large number of American citizens. (Staff Photographer)



ROUNDING a bend in one of the events at last Sunday's open cycling meeting organised by the South China Athletic Association. Right: One of the many spectacular feats of trick riding demonstrated by some of the contestants. (Staff Photographer)



PICTURE taken after Confirmation by the Bishop of Hongkong at Christ Church, Kowloon Tong, last Sunday. (Staff Photographer)

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Liquid**

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## RESULT OF A 20-YEAR STUDY

### The Accident Habit

By W. W. BAUER, M.D.

A 20-YEAR study of sible people have greater liability to accident. Men reported by Dr. M. S. have more accidents than women. Repeated accidents to the same individual are most frequent between the ages of five and nine years. His conclusions, briefly reported here, make an interesting approach to the accident problem and the habit of having accidents.

#### General Pattern

Doctor Schulzinger summarises thus: Accidents are "an affliction of youth," with 50 percent occurring before the age of 25 and the peak year 21. Most occur in the summer months; newest in February. Under the age of 15, most accidents occur at about 5 p.m.; from 15 to 40 years, 11 p.m.; in industry, between the hours of 10 a.m. and 3 p.m. Females; repeated accidents as

extremely rare in females. The "accident prone" are a shifting group, with new persons constantly added, while others drop out.

All persons are subject to universal risks—natural forces (wind, snow, heat, ice, plants, animals, water, gravity). Likelihood of accident increases when there are abnormal environmental conditions. The man-made hazards (vehicles, fire, electricity, machinery, toxic substances) are often related to occupation. The risk is still more enhanced when the individual is of an irresponsible or badly adjusted temperament—slighty, quick to anger, absent-minded, careless, arrogant, defensive. There may occur the "trigger" incident which sets off the accident—a wet pavement, a driver doing the wrong thing, a loss of balance, a rash decision, whatever can precipitate the mishap.

#### Human Judgment

Human behaviour in the presence of the trigger determines the character of the accident: skillful or unskillful driving, etc. The element of chance is discounted. Many if not most apparently chance accidents are traceable to some perhaps remote failure in human judgment of action. Safety engineering has gone a long way but cannot do the whole job. The human personality is the important factor in the equation.

Space permits citing but a few additional accident facts which have come out of this study: Accidents often occur in chain fashion, as if one set off the others; they are more likely to occur when there is stress or strain (injury, violence, family troubles, loss of parents, over-authoritative parents); 40 percent of persons with repeated accidents worked in occupations poorly suited to their emotional personality; in maladjusted families repeated accidents reach a high point as early as five to nine years; the tendency to have accidents usually passes with aging; some factors which tend to increase accidents are aggression, anxiety, boredom, discontent, excitement, frustration, grief, guilt, hostility, fear, indecision, lonesomeness, obsession, preoccupation, rashness...

Ideally designed for the growing family, the Jackson has three bedrooms. Two more can be added, as needed, in the expansion attic. As an alternate plan, the attic, with the addition of a kitchenette, could be converted into a two-room studio apartment and rent.

Sleeping quarters are well-proportioned and amply closeted. The master bedroom, in the back corner of the floor plan, is equipped with a full private bath that includes a combination tub and shower.

The first floor, as sketched here, contains two bedrooms, a bath and a huge storage closet. In addition, each of the bedrooms has a good-sized closet.

The ground floor has a huge living room, with an interesting brick fireplace along one wall and a picture

## For The Growing Family



A STREAMLINED RANCH STYLE, the Jackson is especially well suited to a suburban site. Projecting wing, at right, looks like part of the house, but is actually a 2-car garage. The entrance is sheltered, and the many windows are dressed up attractively with shutters.

By Joan O'Sullivan

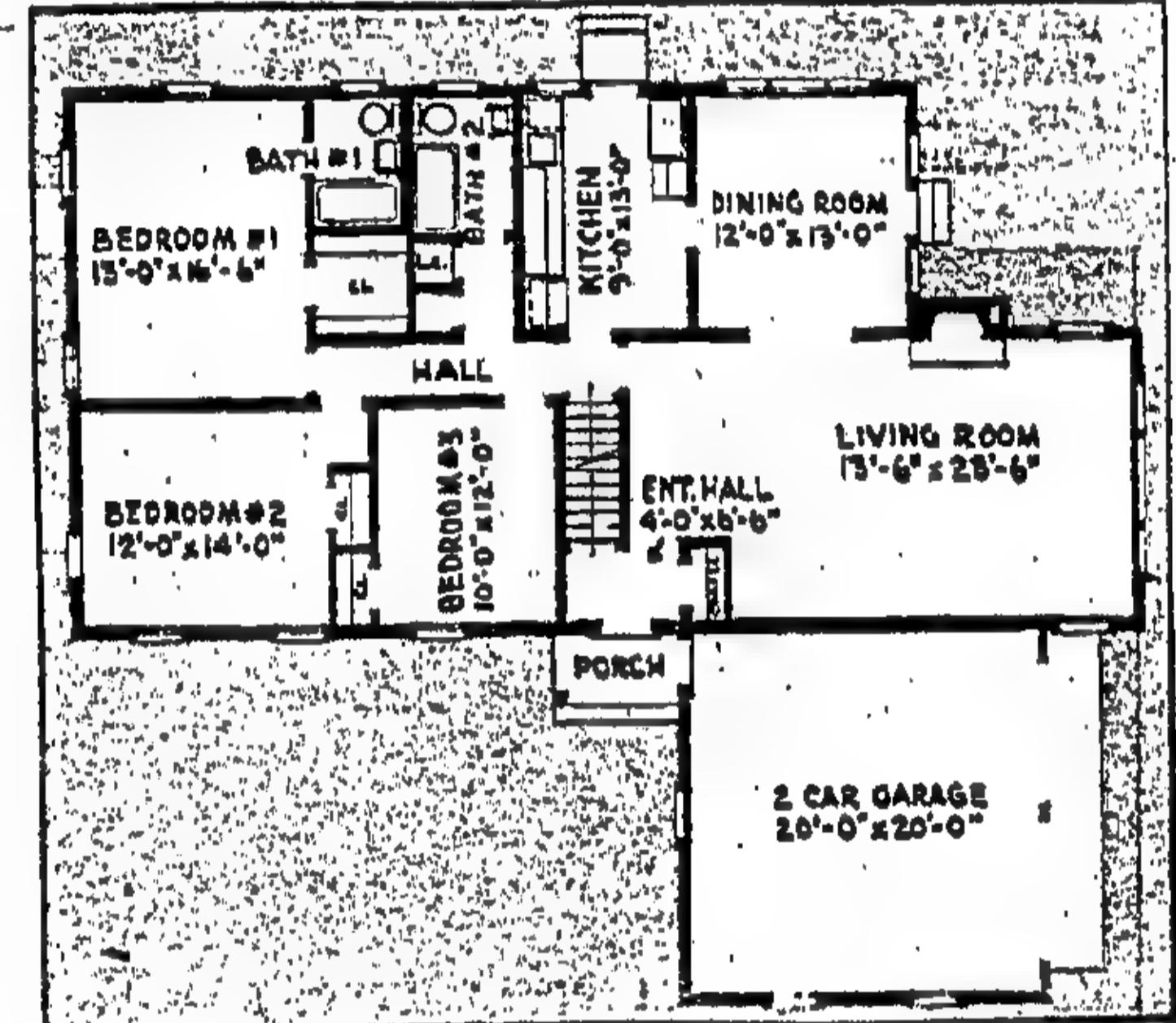
THIS simple little ranch window on the adjacent house would be at home wall. Next to it, a separate dining room overlooks the rear grounds, with access to a flagstone terrace.

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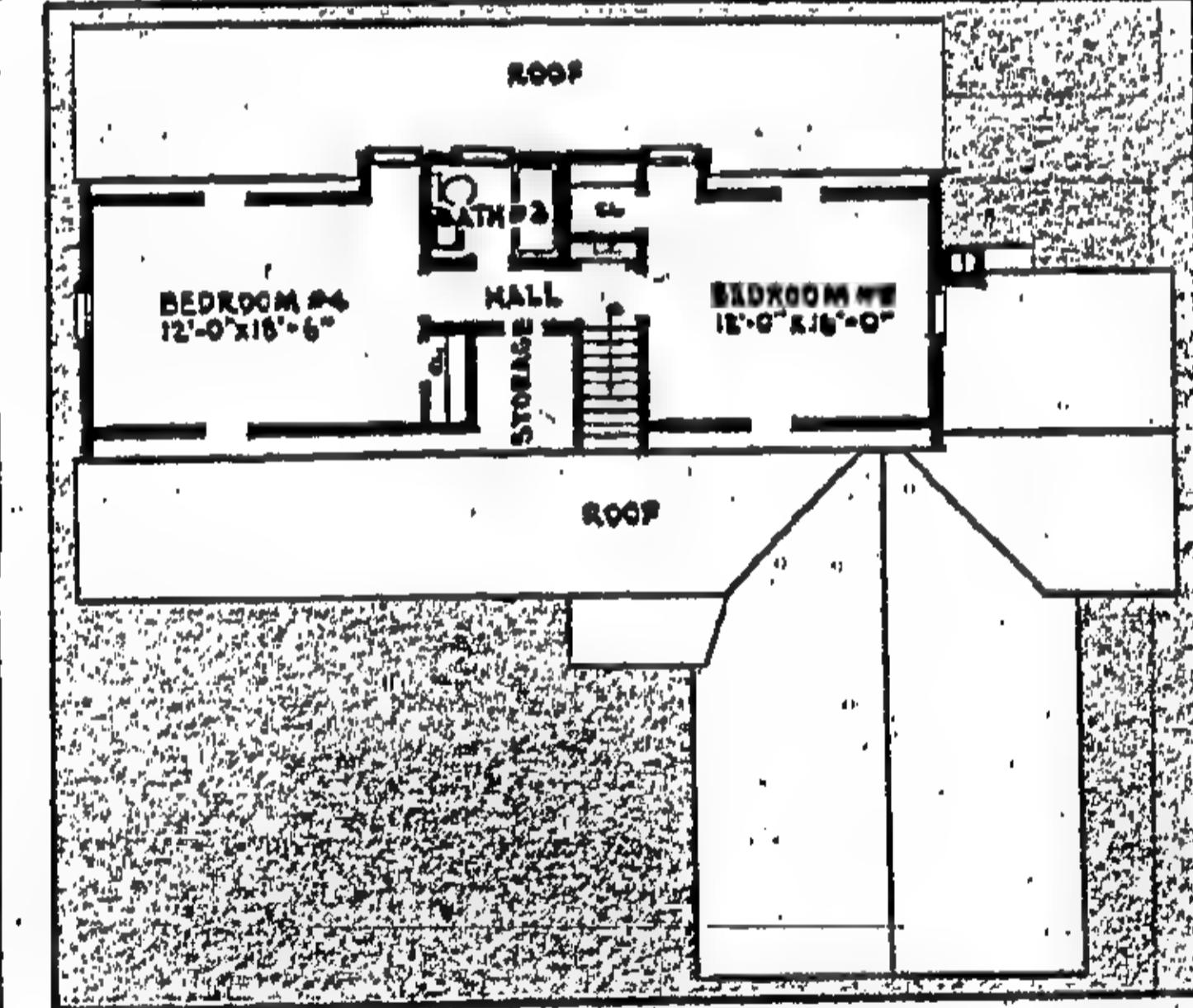
Sleeping quarters are well-proportioned and amply closeted. The master bedroom, in the back corner of the floor plan, is equipped with a full private bath that includes a combination tub and shower.

The first floor, as sketched here, contains two bedrooms, a bath and a huge storage closet. In addition, each of the bedrooms has a good-sized closet.

The ground floor has a huge living room, with an interesting brick fireplace along one wall and a picture



A SPACIOUS LIVING ROOM, a separate dining room and a kitchen, plus three bedrooms, make up the ground floor plan of the house.



UPSTAIRS CAN BE TURNED into a separate apartment or, as is shown above, may be used for two additional bedrooms and a bath.

## DR HERMAN N. BUNDESEN FAVOURS THE NATURAL WAY TO SOLVE THE FEEDING PROBLEM

MOST of you, expectant

Breast milk is always ready to use. It is fresh, clean, warm and germ-free. It contains more iron than cow's milk. And this iron is absorbed and used four or five times better than the iron in cow's milk.

#### Advantages

Many doctors believe that a breast-fed baby has less chance of becoming ill and a much better chance of recovering if he does become ill. Severe diarrhoea, for instance, seldom occurs in a baby who is breast-fed.

Another argument in favour of breast-feeding is that it forms a closer bond between a mother and her baby. By holding and fondling her baby, a mother satisfies his innate need for love and affection.

#### More Iron

As for work, why, you won't

have to worry about making

a baby. Neither will it cause

her to become fat.

A mother's womb

becomes enlarged during

pregnancy. Many doctors be-

lieve that a baby's sucking is

one of nature's ways of helping

shrink the womb to its normal

size and bring the mother's body

back to its normal condition.

## Clever Table Settings Displayed In Furnishing Shows

By Eleanor Ross

THE spotlight is on the home as American manufacturers set forth enticing displays in furniture and accessories.

Irish linen plays a stellar role in one exhibit, built around table settings, not the fabulous, impossible-to-copy creations, but ideas that are right for the home.

#### FINE BASE

Despite all the talk about its obsolescence, the fine white damask cloth is very much at home on many a dining table, the ideal setting for a formal dinner. In the setting, the mists were white leaf-shaped plates. Tiny cauli-made a fine base for a flower heads in opaline glass and made charming little salad bowls. China was blue and white, a sophisticated black and white setting, the one that seemed to be the most white. Another nice arrangement used a scooped

out water-melon as a container for bright yellow carnations.

This centrepiece was placed on a bright green linen cloth, with china glass and organdie napkins all white, a charming summer table setting. Another pretty setting was built around the sea shell motif of embroidered white linen mats, with pink and white china and a charming centrepiece consisting of a tiny tree of fragrant flowers with sea shells filled with carnations grouped around its base.

#### SPANISH MOTIF

Colour is also the theme of another show, this one of furniture and settings with a Spanish motif. The colours are exquisite, they just sing of Spain. Vivid reds, rich pinks, intense greens, bright yellow, and deep turquoise contribute to this lovely colour range.

In contrast to the light, look in much of today's furniture, these pieces are solid, but for all that, not heavy. Carving does much to add to the bulkiness, the carving deeply gouged out of the mahogany and giving the impression that the wood is even more solid and deeper than it really is. But the pieces are lightened by the use of colour such as a table finished in red or green or gold and ivory.

The fabrics and the wall-papers are just dancing with colour and rich beauty. We were charmed with a wallpaper design consisting of a series of bullfight posters based on the Goya etchings of this sport. The pride of Granada, the lovely Alhambra, furnished the inspiration for a printed cotton that used the twelve-sided tiles and the grillwork of the building as its motifs.

#### Contrary to the belief of many,

bread-feeding will not cause a

mother's breasts to become

flabby. Neither will it cause

her to become fat.

A mother's womb

becomes enlarged during

pregnancy. Many doctors be-

lieve that a baby's sucking is

one of nature's ways of helping

shrink the womb to its normal

size and bring the mother's body

back to its normal condition.

## ABOUT THE SCHOOLBOY DREAMER

By GARRY CLEVELAND MYERS, PH.D.

THE other evening I read from one of Somerset Maugham's stories that rarely does so far the wool gathering pupil or student.

One mother writes: "We have a son who is in the first grade before he entered school we noticed that he concentrated hard at a task that was interesting to him. He was so interested

that he wouldn't hear me call him or talk to him. We had his object of his daydreaming checked by a specialist.

He may be concentrating very strongly, only not on the matter at hand. For names, numbers, or drawing, he just doesn't seem to be paying attention to the teacher. His specific type of daydreaming teacher said he daydreams some he named bore rich fruit. It

getting his attention before asking a question or speaking further to him.

When you request or command this boy to do something at home, be sure to get his whole attention first. Sometimes you should have him repeat aloud the request or command before carrying it out. By reading much to this boy, you might cultivate in him the habit of profitable listening at school.

Anything you can do at home to train this lad in paying attention should help him at school.

Unless your son is going to be a Somerset Maugham, he will lose a great deal if he does not learn to concentrate on the matter at hand.

His name or even touch him, but that he seems to be in deep

## HYPPOCHONDRIACS ON EVERY SIDE

By LESLEY BLANCH.

New York. WITH the co-operation of a goggled-eyed public, eager to be guinea-pigs, medicine now occupies a dominant place in contemporary American life.

It is surrounded by an aura of superstition, magic, and mumbo-jumbo similar to that with which more primitive races approach their religious rituals. The doctor's pronouncements are law, his prescriptions holy writ. "I am to be hospitalised," the American citizen says, reverently. Or, in a hush-hush tone, following an introduction, perhaps: "He has just had surgery."

On all sides, in every walk of life, there is a constant awareness of disease. Moreover, the average citizen now goes to the doctor when well. Check-ups are a regular routine.

Public interest in all things "medical" is reflected in many ways. Quack-cures are labelled "hospital-tested." Advertisements show dramatic operating theatre teams, white-clad and tango, preferring antacids, poor substitutes it is inferred, for the knife, forceps, and clamp.

Men in white exercise an almost mystic attraction. Casting in on this, one famous department store collected huge crowds by the simple expedient of dressing a high-powered salesman in a surgeon's white overalls, gauze mask and rubber gloves. He was promoting a new brand of corn-cure.

### EXPLOITATION

Toy manufacturers exploit current trends with dolls dressed as nurses or surgeons, and with all the miniature stretchers, splints, and stethoscopes, a young hypochondriac could desire.

Last Christmas, delighted children were able to make merry with a comprehensive dentist's kit which included model instruments and several sets of plastic dentures to stop or extract, as well as a drill when buzzed with appalling realism.

Concert broadcasts are likely to be interspersed with warnings of diseases and their symptoms. An intimate voice precedes the Dance of the Sugar Plum Fairy, to inquire if our tongues are furred.

"Don't delay, folks, don't delay! That bilious headache's on its way," croons a lyric tenor.

A yodeling soprano counters with a message of hope: "The simple way—for little pay—your stomach's grief—can get relief."

All this is fine for your druggist; but what about Doc? The public must not get the idea they can physic themselves.

Another voice takes up the tale. "If that headache's not gone in an hour," it hisses, "go to your doctor at once. Delay might have grave consequences."

In response to the public's yearning for the mystic figure of Doc, there are numbers of radio, film, and TV programmes centred round young doctor this or old doctor that.

### DR GALAHAD

Except for Dr Jekyll and Mr Hyde, Hollywood seldom portrays the doctor as other than a reliable Galahad figure; a compound of virility and stability if, young; of understanding and protection if old; omnipresent and reassuring, symbol of the nation's profound craving for security.

Contemporary fiction reflects this mystique of medicine, of the clinical figure, and dramas of hushed operating theatres are a favourite theme.

The nation's No. 1 best-seller, Morton Thompson's "Not As A Stranger," tells of doctors' professional life in 900 pages of factual detail.

Admittedly, most people are bored over their own ailments. Each nation has its particular disease. The French discuss their liver, the English, their rheumatism. But nowhere, I fancy, is there such a preoccupation with surgery, the newest post-operative techniques, scar-tissues and such, as we find among Americans.

Gall bladder operations are the latest enthusiasm. Sir Anthony Eden's case history was followed with knowledgeable sympathy and a mixture of pride and relief was apparent when he was brought to the States for treatment.

### TENSION MOUNTS

The American craving for psychiatry is well known.

Citizens hurry off to their analyst with the alacrity other races reserve for visits to cafes, the opera, or the current object of their affection; while children are analysed almost before they can talk back from the couch.

Nervous tension assumes alarming proportions, and the facts published concerning the nation's mental health are disquieting. We learn that "there are as many people in mental hospitals as in all the other hospitals combined"—"Nine million Americans are suffering from mental disorders." One in 12 children will need to go

into a mental hospital some time during their lives."

It is said that in New York there is one doctor to every 200 persons.

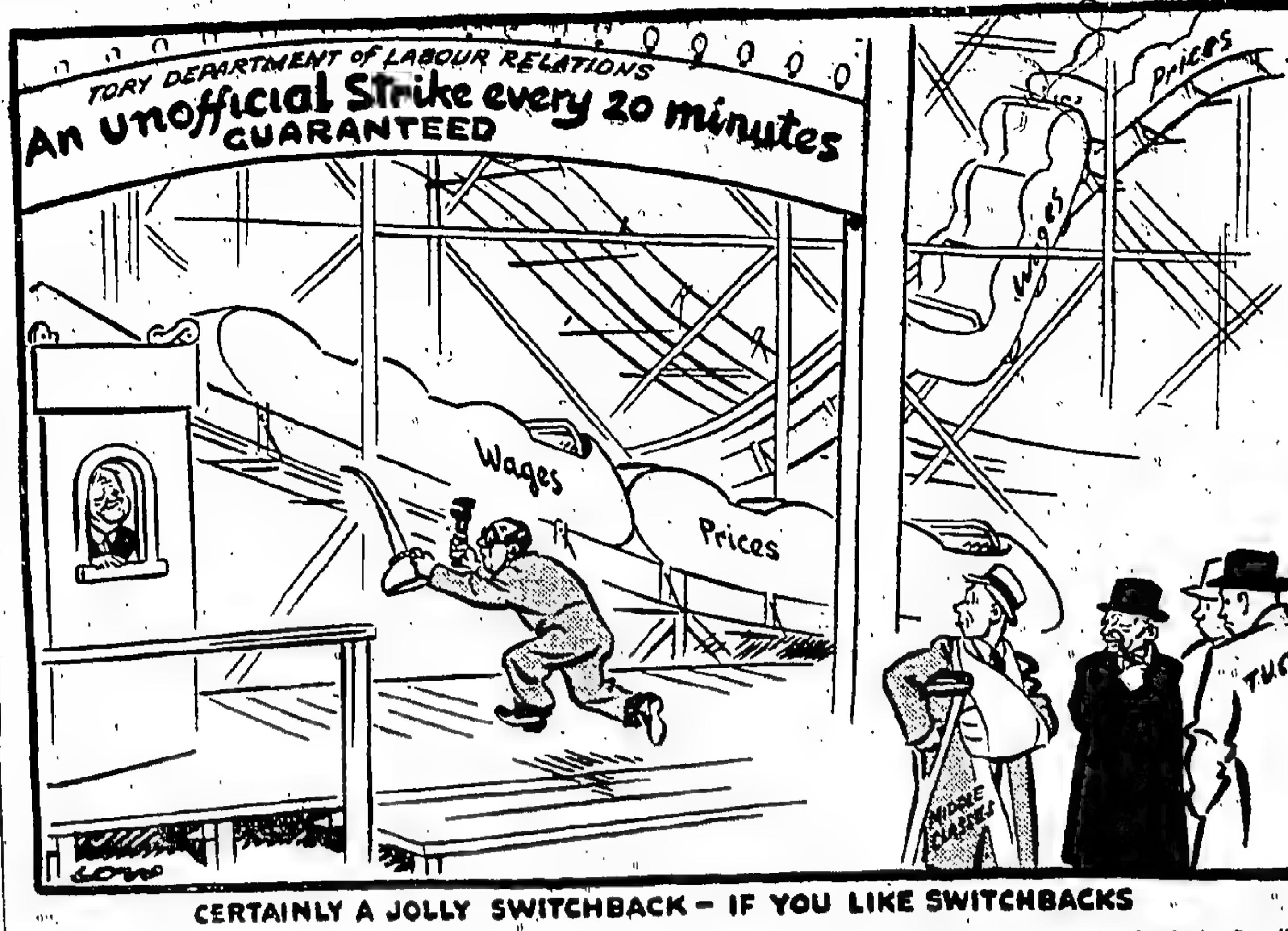
Their offices are mostly at street level, their name-plates and qualifications a constant reminder that in the midst of life we are in death.

Imagine the effect of this on foreigners, invited to a party, let us say, on the 27th floor. They must first run the gauntlet of all the professional name-plates in the entrance hall. Doctors, dentists, masseuses, electro-therapists, X-ray specialists, chiropodists.

They ascend in a lift along with several preoccupied-looking patients, past floor after floor, where either reveal a whisk of nurse's white cap and apron, or leave an unmistakable whiff of either the perfume or the other party-goers.

To Europeans, all this is very dampening to the morale. But to the Americans it is infinitely reassuring.

They have responded to treatment; they are nicely conditioned. If it is true that nowhere are there finer doctors—where are there finer patients, either?



CERTAINLY A JOLLY SWITCHBACK - IF YOU LIKE SWITCHBACKS

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## By SIR BEVERLEY BAXTER, MP DIVIDED BERLIN— TEN YEARS AFTER

**N**O smoking. Ad—just safety the name indicates, is only by them.

the part of the city. What about familiar sign in East Berlin technically known as the Russian Sector?

How could we peep behind the Iron Curtain?

That apparently would be quite simple — you buy a ticket on the underground

and you get out at a station in the Russian Sector. It is no more trouble than that.

### PROPAGANDA

But not before you are subjected to propaganda! In each of the minor underground stations, once you are out of West Berlin, there are signs. "Down! Down! Russia only wants Peace."

Emerging at a quiet East Berlin station we found a solitary taxi cab and dickered with the driver. He explained in understandable German that he could drive us anywhere in the Sector but could not take us back to West Berlin. What he really meant was that he could not take the cab to West Berlin. The Russians are realists!

Naturally they would not assume, that any German would prefer the West Sector to the East, but he might sell his taxi to the wicked capitalists.

In turn the authorities allow anyone to come into the West Zone but unless he has a work permit he has to go back when his visit is over. Thus do the rules emerge to cover the strange game of East-West.

But we had not been in the Russian Sector for more than a few minutes on this Sunday when we began to feel a curious, almost uncanny feeling. The weather had cleared. The sun was warm and inviting. And it was a holiday. Slowly we a sentry box for a guard to drove up what is left of the famous Unter den Linden. There on each side is what remains of the glory of the Hohenzollerns, of Bismarck and Frederick the Great. But on the right there was a disordered mass which was Hitler's bunker.

### GHOSTS

Chancelleries, offices, miniature palaces, embassies, the State Opera. The glory of it still lingers despite great sorrow and disarray. They did themselves well; those German Emperors, and Hitler and

Goering were not out-done by them.

But now comes the odd thing about our visit to the Russian Sector. Remember that it was a Sunday, that the weather was warm, and that the East Berliners had pretty much nowhere else to go.

Then how many people were visible in the whole sweep of the Unter den Linden? As far as I could see, there were eighteen Russian soldiers in uniform talking listlessly to each other, and there were five assorted civilians. I find it hard to explain but the ultimate effect was that we were in a city of ghosts.

But now let us visit the Stalinallee, which can be translated as Stalin Avenue. In the very midst of the wretched, unpainted and unrepainted houses of East Berlin there is an avenue of such elegance that it almost challenges the upper reaches of Fifth Avenue in New York.

It is as wide as the Champs Elysees. All of a pattern there are magnificent blocks of flats faced with a white shiny finish that is washable. What is more they are all heated from one source—a large heating plant some distance away. The achievement of such an avenue is a tremendous thing—but who occupies the flats? Eighty-five percent of the tenants are party officials. The remaining flats are awarded to workers on an allotment basis.

Just to teach the East Berliners to remember their benefactors there is on the avenue a portable statue of Joe Stalin in an ordinary suit of clothes. There is also a sentry box for a guard to keep watch with a loaded rifle lest there should be a repetition of the unfortunate incident, not long ago, when a wicked deviationist pushed the statue over on its back.

But the climax of the Russian glorification of themselves and their rulers is in the remarkable war memorial erected in one of the lovely parks that adorn

East Berlin. There is a rising slope in the beautifully kept park and in the distance, outlined against the sky, is the splendid statue of a

young Russian soldier with a sword in one hand, while

the Berliner is a great joker and it appeals to his sense of irony that the Allies, having destroyed his city, are now pouring money into it so that the city will rise again. His factories will be as new as tomorrow, whereas the Allies, whose factories were not destroyed, will have to improve

them. He cannot see the occupying powers withdrawing yet, and he likes their money.

But the Berliner is proud. He intends that his city shall be

come once more the seat of Parliament, BONN. Where is

his other hand holds a child on his shoulder. Beneath his feet is a broken swastika. At the entrance to the memorial garden there are two immense marble flags that touch the ground in salute to the dead. On each is the face of Stalin and also the hammer and sickle.

that? The Berliners are not even amused.

Meantime the tragicomedy is played by day and by night. I went on Sunday night to a wonderful performance of Parsifal, an opera which is of such religious significance to the Germans that no applause is allowed at any point in the performance, not even at the end.

And I went to a dubbed version of Marlon Brando in "The Wild One" the film about hoodlums who terrorised an American small town, which was banned in Britain. There I heard such ironic laughter from the Berliners as would have penetrated the outer skin of the toughest Hollywood director.

I must inform you that Herbert Morrison arrived in Berlin, while I was there, to lecture a Society on "The Duties of an Opposition."

As if the Berliners need any instruction on that subject!

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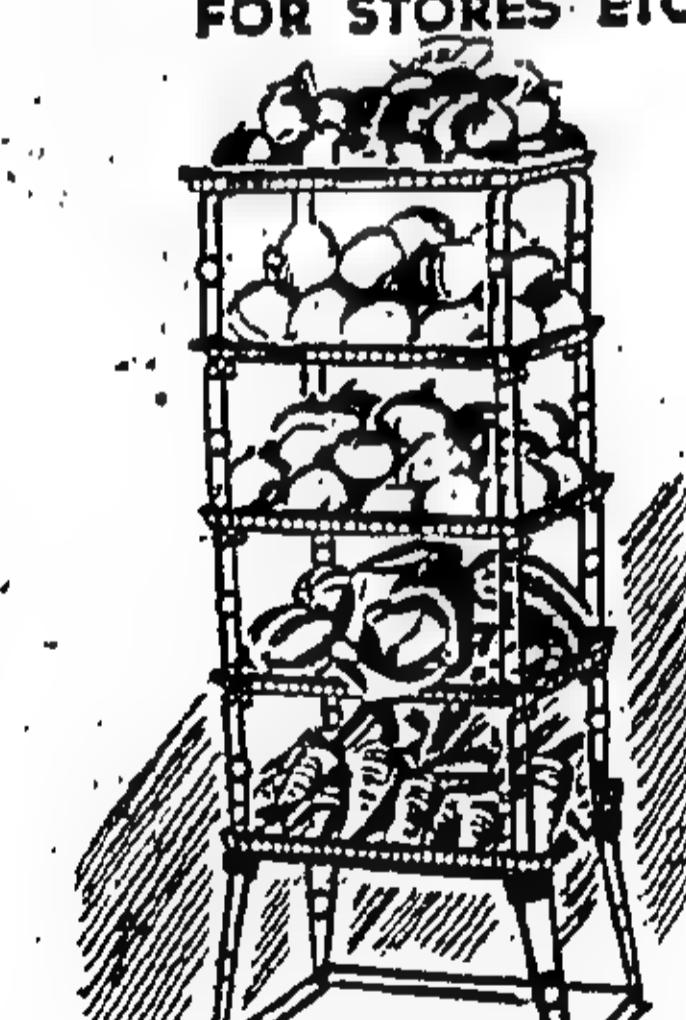
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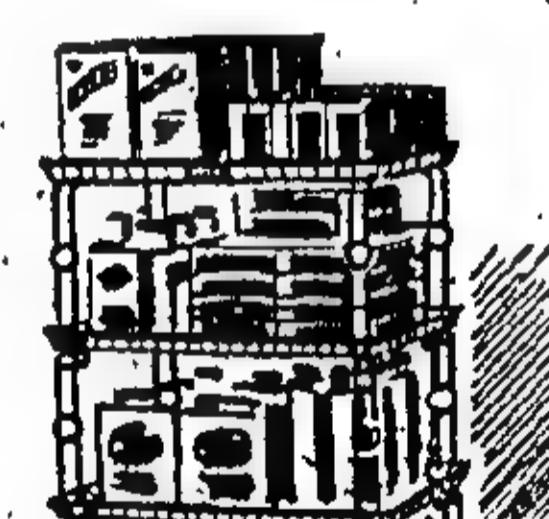
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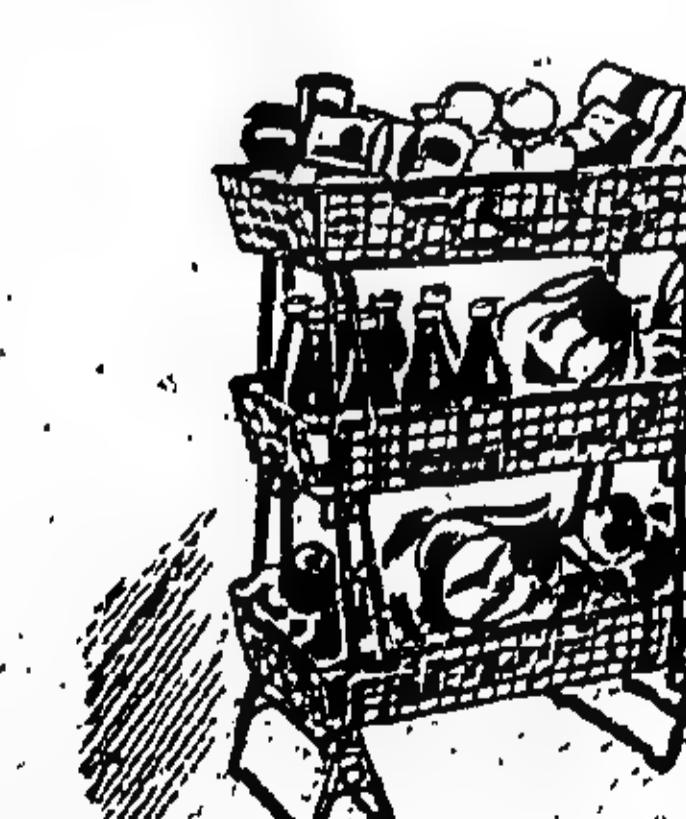
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POCKET CARTOON by OSBERT LANCASTER



# BAD? BRILLIANT? BAFFLING? STILL, THEY ARE GIVING MR HUXLEY A NEW AUDIENCE

By Robert Pitman

In a "sleepy mountain that's his place," the locals in a community six thousand feet above sand tell them. And when the visitors California's Mojave Desert drive off down to the dusty plain they check another stand's white bungalow—home of distinction of their empty. But sightseers are list—the home of Mr Aldous Huxley, novelist, poet, cynic, still peering at it through surrounding pines. "Yes, mystic, script-writer."

In New York the price quoted for Huxley's autograph is \$4.10—more than for Einstein's, a little less than for the Queen's. Meanwhile in Britain a new honour has been accorded him. Seven of his books and three other works have been reprinted in a special Penguin edition.

It is a bold move for in his native country Aldous Huxley is no household word. In many minds he is confused with his brash-trusting elder brother, Dr Julian.

Both are joint heirs to a heritage of pure brain. Their father was a leading literary editor. And in the 19th century their grandfather, T.H. Huxley, was a giant—some would say an ogre.

It was he, rather than Darwin himself, who bludgeoned the bishop with Darwin's theory about apes and man.

#### INTELLECTUAL SOUP

At home young Aldous was reared on an intellectual soup which made the stuff he tasted in turn—Eton and Balliol seem like thin gruel.

IN THE TWENTIES it seemed that Aldous had inherited his grandad's bludgeon. Everywhere said critics wrote him off as brilliant but bad. They found that his first novel, the general Chrome Yellow (1932) referred to matter to which decent-minded folk do not refer!

And hands were raised in horror at Gumption, hero of Aldous Hay (1923); for Gumption-like Huxley an ex-schoolmaster poses as superman; donning a fine false beard he frequents the National Gallery in search of "Old Masters; young misses"—and finds them.

Worse still, Huxley was seen too frequently in the company of D. H. Lawrence.

But if anything, Huxley was felt to be the boaster of the two for, unlike Lawrence, he was so scientific. Huxley would have been as much interested in Lady Chatterley's liver as in her lover.

Huxley not so much bad as baffling. And especially baffling was his Brave New World (1932).

It was a futuristic novel—today let's call it science fiction. It looked forward to a century when children are produced in bottles, when the words "father" and "mother" are taboo as small; when mass-production is religion, and people swear "By Ford!"

One scene from Brave New World made a sharp impression. A cluster of babies is let loose on the nursery floor.

Books are set up, temptingly bright and colourful.

The babies crawl to the books, they finger them eagerly. Almost immediately a tangle of bells dings at their ears; electric shocks tingle through the floor.

With Eyesless in Gaza (1938) more. This rapist disgust obviated still more.

There were also spreading symptoms of a new Huxley—a pacifist, mystic Huxley. By 1939 he was lecturing "Islamism on religion. And by the war he had settled in California.

Here, between musings on the blessings of the spirit and the grossness of the flesh, Huxley found time to earn high fees in Hollywood.

#### HIS SCRIPT

His was the script of Pride and Prejudice (with Olivier and Greer Garson); although Jane Austen had some share in the plot.

When Orson Welles, as Rochester, growled his way through Jane Eyre the words were Huxley's.

Here with his Belgian wife (she died this February), Huxley enjoyed the company of Chaplin, Garbo, Ronald Colman, Groucho Marx.

Now he is touring America, visiting other friends and correcting the proofs of his latest sort novel THE GENIUS AND THE GODDESS ("moving and dramatic" say his publishers).

Will Aldous Huxley stand the test of years? At £4.10, is his scrawled signature a safe investment? The common reader can now judge.

#### REST OF THE NEW BOOKS

MOONRAKER. By Ian Fleming. Cape, 10s. 6d. 256 pages. James Bond, modern-style secret agent (Number 007) and man about Mayfair, hears the red telephone say "Want's you?" It is the preface to a fresh tale (the third) of horrid adventure for smooth, dangerous Bond.

• SARAH DANE. By Catherine Gaskin. Collins, 12s. 6d. 448 pages. Romantic—and most readable—story of Australia in the early days of colonisation. A big book with a sustained dramatic power.

• THE VERDICT OF YOU ALL. By Rupert Croft-Cooke. Secker & Warburg, 15s. 256 pages. The verdict was guilty (of a homosexual offence), the sentence was nine months, mostly spent in Wormwood Scrubs. The outcome? A book of bitter insight into prison life and angry comment on social "intolerance."

• COROMANDEL. By John Masters. Michael Joseph, 12s. 6d. 319 pages. Robustly coloured, tropically passionate novel of Indian adventure-period: seventeenth century. The hero (not called Jason Savage for nothing) leaves quiet Wilshire to roister through the glamorous, dangerous East.

• THE PICNIC AT SAKKARA. By P. H. Newby. Cape, 12s. 6d. 239 pages. A first-class light novel. Comic mishaps of an English lecturer at Cairo among Egyptian students of the most highly unpredictable and engaging rascality. — London Express Service.

# PARADE

A COLUMN OF THE UNUSUAL ABOUT PEOPLE AND PLACES AND THINGS

RICH BUT SCARED The Chinese villagers of Pulau Tikus (Rat Island), three miles from Penang, are £60,000 richer and scared too. They say the "Galloping Ghost" gave them the tip which brought in the money, and it wants a human head as payment.

Villagers say the spirit, a "monstrous monster," told five men to put their money on number 1018 in a lottery based on the Singapore Turf Club's cash sweep. The ghost then named the price—the sacrifice of a baby.

The men protested. In the first place, they said, it was against the law, and in the second place, babies were hard to come by. The ghost agreed to accept a human heart.

The villagers streamed to bookmakers to lay bets. When 1018 came up as the last four digits of the winning Singapore ticket they stood to win £360 for every half crown staked.

The village was in a festive mood as punters collected winnings. But now everyone is wondering what will happen when the ghost turns up to collect payment.

#### HUSBAND WORSHIP

Married life in Lucknow is back to normal again. After a very black week for the women. For it was the week of Hindu husband-worship. In doing so 20-year-old Meriam Aly—the name by which she wishes to be known, but not her real one—was etching an important page in the history of that British colony.

For Meriam is the very first Arab woman ever to broadcast. "How did it feel?" someone asked her when her 15-minute talk, initiating Aden Radio's woman's hour, had been recorded on tape.

In a sacred pavilion, the Lucknow wives made floral offerings to their husbands, and reverently washed their feet. And then drank the water used for the ceremony.

Frothing themselves before their lords and masters, they chanted:

"You are Brahma, the creator. You are Vishnu, the preserver. You are Maheshwar, the destroyer; you are God. If I have committed any mistake, my husband, forgive me."

Why all this fuss? The holy man who initiated the ritual thought that half the world's ills now come from wives who had too little respect for their husbands.

PETTICOAT Down in the village of Bishop's Stortford, Hertfordshire (pop. 800) there is no mistaking who has control of affairs—the women.

There has been petticoat rule in this village for the last six

years. In the recent Parish Council elections, six women and one man were returned after a record poll. The one male member of the original petticoat council, Mr Fred Murray, was replaced by Mr Frank Moore.

The six elected women, all of whom are grandmothers, are Messames Heginbotham, Smith Robbins, Jenkins, Pain and Chapple-Hyam.

There seems to be no explanation for the occurrences.

PIGEON Blue-blooded racing pigeons are being imported away from their modest lots by freedom-loving fanciers so worried that they've asked the council to trap the wild pigeons which haunt the ancient towers of Colchester Castle.

And it's getting local pigeon-fanciers to buy "blitz" refugees from London's Trafalgar Square who now prefer the simple life of Colchester to the noise and tough competition of the capital.

And there (say the fanciers) they perch on the castle walls, and when an attractive-looking racing pigeon comes by to what passes for a pigeon wolf-whistle and entice the racing pigeons to share their life of idleness, plenty of food and a good home.

Complained one fancier: "Some of the racing pigeons just can't resist it—but when they cost as much as £100 each, it's heartbreaking to see them go like this."

LADY WITH A TORCH Schoolteacher Cynthia Stretton of Ripley, England, thumbed through the jeweller's list looking for a prize to present at the children's drama festival she was organizing. Then she spotted it: "Achievement—Lady with a Torch."

It seemed just the thing she was after, so she sent off an order for it.

The Lady With a Torch arrived in the nude.

So Miss Stretton consulted a hemmings friend. And both agreed: "Definitely unsuitable for children."

So she asked the jewellers if they could maybe put some clothes on the lady. The statue came back this time with a very brief, tightly stretched garment.

To Miss Stretton, the lady looked somehow more undressed than she had.

So the Lady With a Torch went back to the jewellers. Schoolteacher Stretton had decided the safest thing was an old-fashioned plain silver cup.

CARRYING It has to be a pretty special event to keep regular customers away from the Black Horse pub in Cattistock, South-West London suburb. Last week 30 of them went through fire and water to get their regular pint.

As they drank in the smoky little bar 33 bremers were fighting a blaze in the upper room.

The customers just went on drinking.

A nursemaid rushed downstairs, bringing the pub-owner's children, in their nightclothes, to safety.

Later on, water from the men's hoses started pouring through the ceiling. The customers went on drinking for a while—until it got too wet. Then they went home.

DEATH The applause thundered as the curtain rang down on the "Death Scene" performed by an amateur theatre group in the little playhouse in Epinal, France.

For never had Epinal seen such a masterly performance of a dying woman by mile Marié Vauthier, 56-year-old emigrant.

Even the other actors applauded her acting.

But Mile Vauthier did not take a bow. At precisely the moment she was to die in the play she fell dead of a heart attack.

DEAD Police are using duck-ducks shooting tactics to kill Communist bandits in Malaya's jungles. Chief police officer in Selangor, J. B. Masefield, said surrendered terrorists disguised as rubber tappers were being used to decoy bandits into the open.

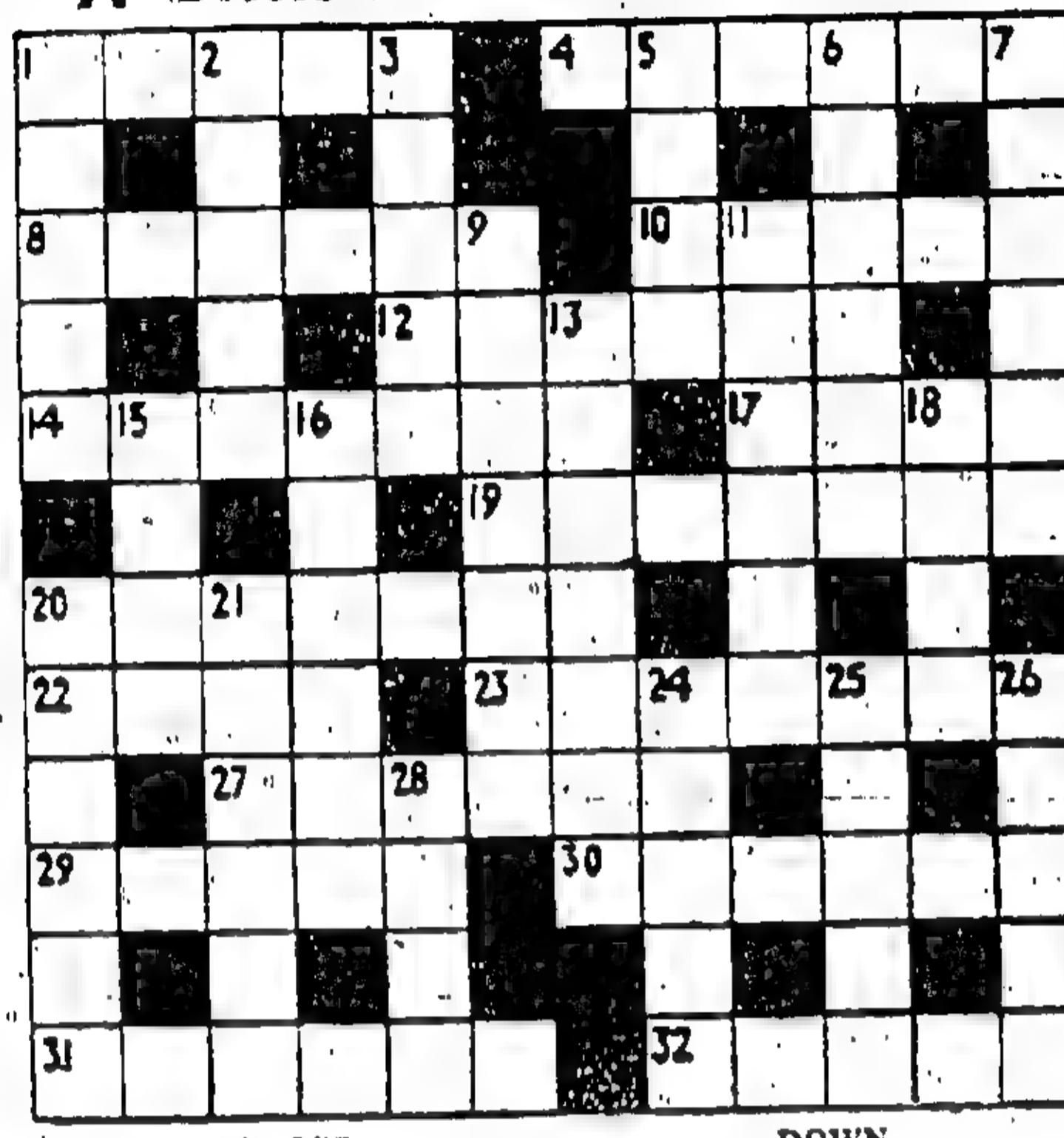
They were sent to work as rubber tappers with other labourers. When bandits recognised them came to the jungle fringe asking for food their old-time comrades cut them down with bullets.

Said Masefield: "The plan is proving very successful."

CHRISTIAN SINGAPORE REVELATION Young Men's Christian Association last week took stock and found it wasn't such a Christian organisation as it had imagined. Among its members were 428 Christians, 95 Hindus, 12 Buddhists, 12 Moslems and 227 agnostics.

But what surprised officials most was this: 275 members claimed to have no religion at all.

#### A British Crossword Puzzle



#### ACROSS

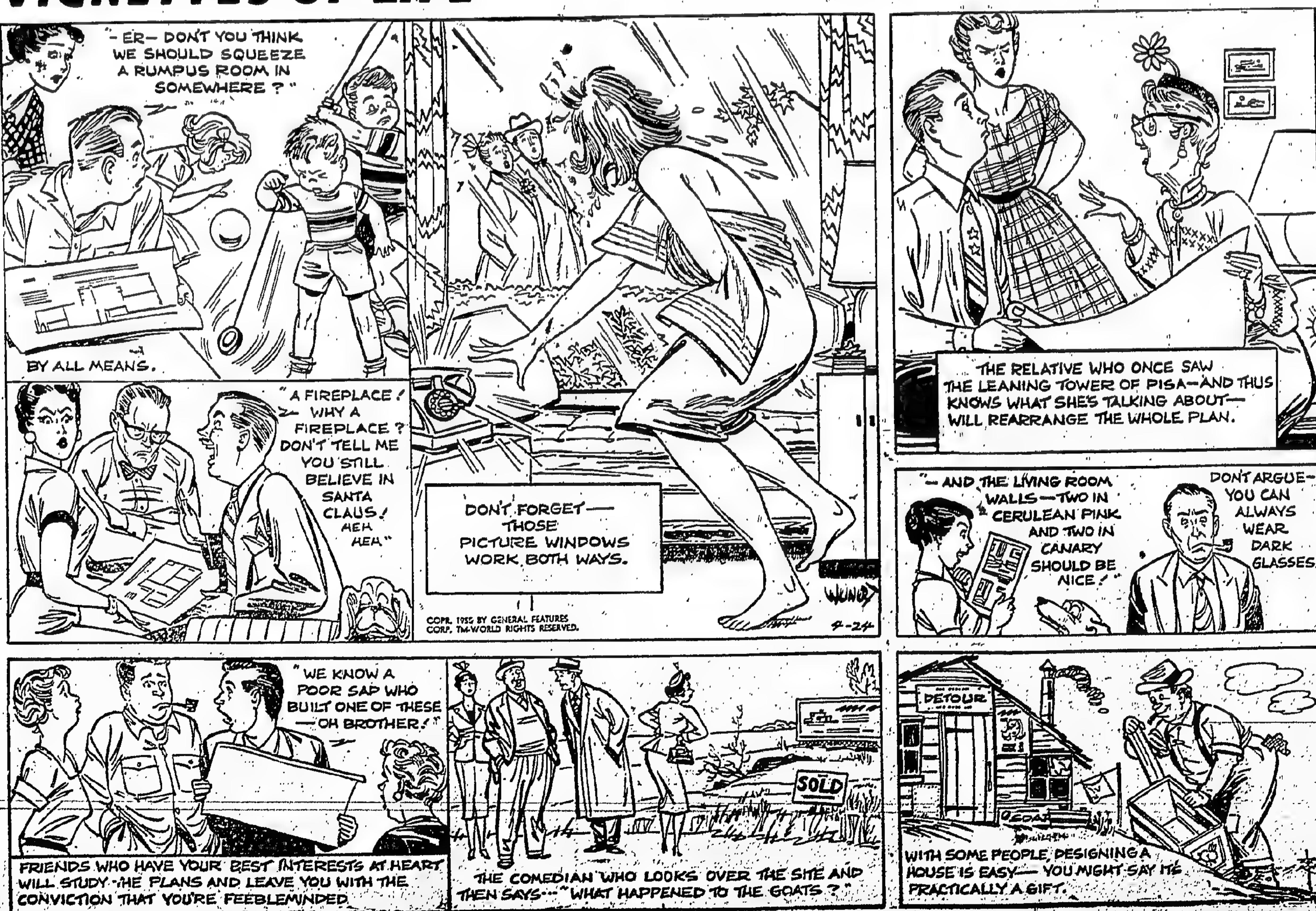
- 1 Grub (5).
- 4 Vagrants (6).
- 8 Open to all (5).
- 10 Like a sheep (5).
- 12 Charged (6).
- 14 Sweet (7).
- 17 Bird's home (4).
- 19 Instigate (7).
- 20 Large church (7).
- 22 Employ (4).
- 23 Trapping (7).
- 27 Shut (6).
- 29 Subsequently (5).
- 30 Tyrant (8).
- 31 Exciting sensations (6).
- 32 Narratives (5).

YESTERDAY'S CROSSWORD.—Across: 3 Ascribed, 8 Hard, 9 Curators, 11 Repeated, 13 Odes, 15 Relieved, 18 Director, 19 Stop, 21 Diverted, 25 Intruder, 28 Hits, 27 Desolate. Down: 1 Char, 2 Prop, 4 Shut, 5 Read, 6 Blood, 7 Desks, 9 Caged, 10 Refer, 12 Erect, 14 Elope, 16 Vivid, 17 Detract, 19 Spied, 20 Oaths, 21 Dull, 22 Vent, 23 Trip, 24 Dash.

#### VIGNETTES OF LIFE

#### Help For Home Builders

BY HARRY WEINERT



## Your Radio Listening For Next Week In Detail—A "China Mail" Feature

# Radio Adaptation Of A Novel By W.H. Lane Crauford

On Wednesday evening at 9.30, the Garrison Players present "Joseph Proctor's Money", a drama adapted for broadcasting by Rex Rienits from the novel by W. H. Lane Crauford. The story concerns a fraud by a man who impersonates his twin brother, in order to swindle him out of a legacy.

The cast includes an accomplished newcomer to Hongkong Stage circles — Audrey Mendes — who has had considerable experience in London with the BBC Repertory Company. Some well-known members of the Garrison Players in the cast include John Little, Reggie Glanvil, Hugh Turner and Ruth Potter. The play is being produced for the Garrison Players by Eric O'Neil Shaw.

In tonight's edition of *Radio Hongkong's news magazine* ("This Week"), at half past seven, Mr Robert Ford, released last Sunday after five years' imprisonment in China, tells of his arrest in Tibet after the Chinese invasion in 1950, and describes the life he led while in prison.

Timothy Barth recorded an impression of the scene at Kai Fung on Tuesday, the day four American tourists released from China started on their return journey to the United States. He also talked with a Red Cross representative and one of the crew members of the plane, a C-54, the "Batman", once the personal plane of General MacArthur.

President Jaycees, Mr LeMay Buckner, the National President of the Junior Chamber of Commerce of the USA, and Mr Richard St. John, Vice-Chairman of the Jaycees, were present at the luncheon, including Canada, who came to Hongkong for a few days to inspect the international programme of the Junior Chamber for sending relief to the countries of South-East Asia — particularly Vietnam.

### BURMA REUNION

Yesterday, veterans of the Japanese Services who served in Burma during the war gathered in the Royal Albert Hall in London for their ninth reunion. Extra attractions included the HRH Duke of Edinburgh and by Admiral Earl Mountbatten, former Supreme Commander in South-East Asia and a former member of the British Parliament. The Duke will be relayed from London at half past eight this evening.

### MOTORING MAGAZINE

This week's edition of the monthly magazine includes several new features. Firstly the programme is graced with a new signature tune which will identify every reader. The new edition begins for motorists to get a recording of the incidental music from the film "Genevieve". Harry Adler very kindly came along to record the music, including a piece from Hongkong, accompanied at the piano by Solde Ahwee.

Other new items include a new kind of brain test with new memory tests, a driving quiz and a typical customer who asks things like "do you have a car and a road report on two similar cars?" Read "Features" page 100, "Road Test" page 101, "Motoring Magazine" is on the air on Thursday, June 9, at 9.30 p.m.

### BOX 200

Bert Gillette's popular weekly programme of organ music — "Box 200" celebrates its seventh anniversary on Monday evening at 7.15 p.m. Congratulations Bert Gillette!

### BOKING

On Monday evening two former British and British Empire Heavyweight Champions, Johnny Wilson and Tommy Cooper, will enter the ring at the Nottingham Ice Stadium for a twelve-round final elimination contest.

The winner will qualify to challenge Don Cockell, the holder of the Commonwealth Heavyweight Championship of Great Britain. A recorded commentary by Raymond Glendinning, with inter-round summaries by W. Bartram, Dubby, will be broadcast in the Commonwealth service of the BBC and relayed by Radio Hongkong on Tuesday evening at half past eight.

(Broadcasting on a frequency of 860 kilocycles per second and on 3940 kilocycles, 76.14 metres.)

### Sunday

12.30 P.M. PROGRAMME SUMMARY.  
12.32 MUSICAL SCRAPBOOK.  
12.35 TIME SIGNAL.  
12.35 NEWS, WEATHER REPORT AND SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.  
12.38 LUNCHEON MUSIC.  
COLUMBIA SALON ORCHESTRA'S PROGRAMME.  
2.00 OLD TIME BALLROOM.  
With Sydney Thompson and his band.  
2.30 SHAW, JR. AND HIS KINGS.  
3.00 STUDIO: HOSPITAL REQUESTS.  
Presented by John Netherpe.  
4.00 TUNES FOR YOUR CHOICE.  
Presented by John Netherpe.  
4.30 DORIS DAY SINGS FILM FAVORITES.  
Lullaby of Broadway; Fine and Dandy; I'm Sorry; On Shanty Town; Somebody loves me; Just one of those things; I love the way you say goodnight—with Norman Luboff Choir; The Merry Widow Quartet.  
4.45 "NICKOLAS NICELY"—BY CHARLES DICKENS.  
Produced by Charles Lefoux.  
Episodes 8—Friends and Enemies; 11—Fathers and Sons; 14—The Professor; 16—Quixote; 18—The Castilians conducted by Victor Young; Waltzes; The Champagne Waltz; Carolina Moon; The most beautiful Girl in the World; Love Song; Mr. Baxter and his Orch.  
5.30 LENIE BRIDGEWATER AND THE WESTMINSTER LIGHT ORCHESTRA.  
Vocal Concerto; Extract from "Roumanie"; Ballet music from "Roumanie"; Two Galops; Marche Caracteristique.  
6.00 TIME SIGNAL AND PROGRAMME SUMMARY.  
STUDIO: UNIT REQUESTS.  
Presented by Linda Callig: Coast Guard Matching Stations Division.  
HMS "Tremont".  
7.00 STUDIO: "JUKE BOX PARADE."  
Presented by Nick Kendall.  
7.30 NEWS, reports and interviews on some of the week's events in and out of Hongkong. Compiled by Donald Street.

### FERD'NAND



### SATURDAY, JUNE 4

8.30 P.M. FROM THE EDITORIALS, FRED HARTLEY.

8.45 WEATHER REPORT AND SPORTS RESULTS.

8.45 THE SHOW GOES ON.

8.45 THE NEWS.

8.45 COMMENTARY.

8.45 PARLIAMENTARY VIEW.

8.45 BURMA REUNION.

Recorded extracts from speeches at yesterday's gathering in the Royal Albert Hall.

8.45 FORCES FAVOURITES.

8.45 FROM THE WEEKLIES.

8.45 LANCASHIRE V THE SOUTH AFRICANS.

9.30 SCOTTISH MAGAZINE.

9.30 SOME NEWS FROM BRITAIN.

10.15 LUTENISTS' CHOICE.

11.00 BIG BEN RADIO NEWSREEL.

11.15 HOME AND WORLD NEWS.

11.45 DANCE MUSIC.

12.15 SPORTS ROUND-UP.

12.30 SUNDAY SERVICE.

12.45 THE NEWS.

12.45 VARIETY HIGHLIGHTS.

12.45 BIG BEN RADIO NEWSREEL.

12.45 HOME NEWS FROM BRITAIN.

12.45 COMMONWEALTH OF NATIONS.

12.45 ROYAL PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA.

Conductor Sir Thomas Beecham. Et.

MONDAY, JUNE 6

8.30 P.M. FROM THE EDITORIALS.

8.45 MUSIC BY SPAINISH COMPOSERS.

7.30 HERB DANIELS AND BEN LYON IN "LIFE WITH THE LYONS".

8.15 COMMENTARY.

8.15 MUSIC FOR DANCING.

8.15 SPORTS ROUND-UP.

8.15 SPORTS ROUND-UP.

8.15 ROYAL PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA.

Conductor Sir Thomas Beecham. Et.

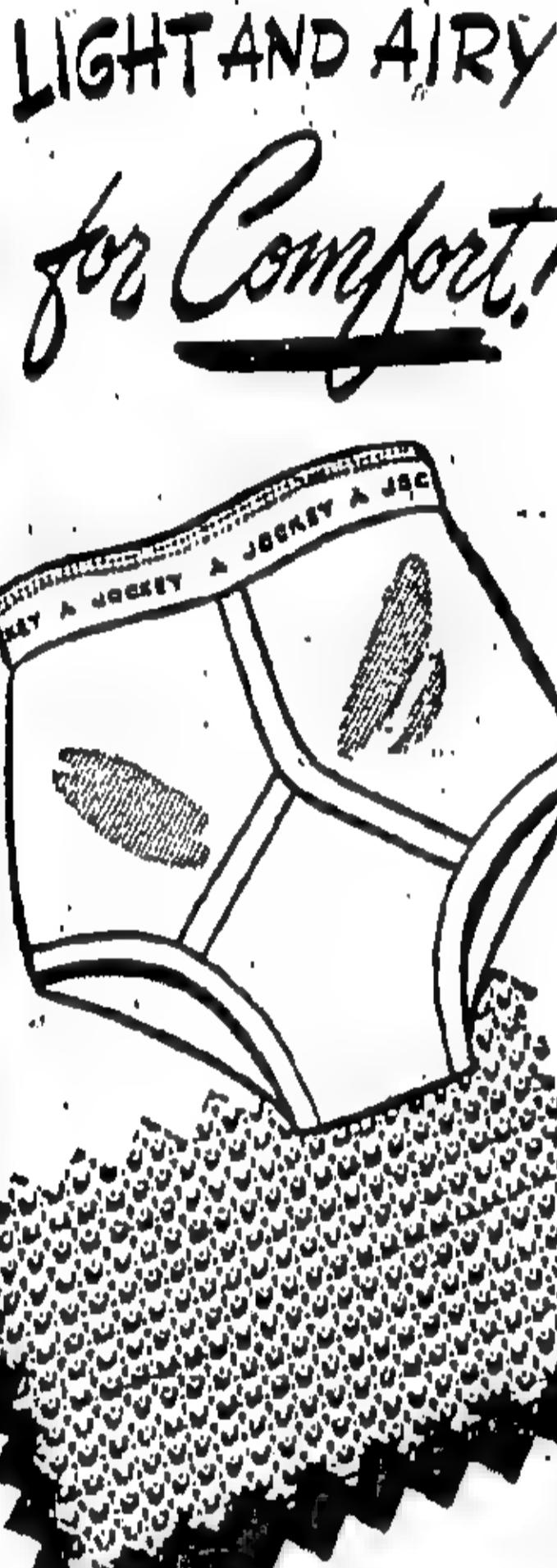
WEDNESDAY, JUNE 8

8.30 P.M. FROM THE EDITORIALS.

8.45 ROYAL AIR FORCE.



SOLE AGENTS: DODD WELL &amp; CO. LTD.



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We have the new Jockey Short in the open mesh fabric. You'll like it. It's light weight and super comfortable. Made with all of the exclusive Jockey features. Sleeveless shirt to match.

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## LEAGUE BOWLS

# TITLE-ASPIRING CLUBS FACE THEIR REAL TEST FROM TODAY ONWARDS

Says "TOUCHER"

The real test for title-aspiring clubs in the Colony Lawn Bowls League begins this afternoon as the season enters its second quarter with practically all top teams already recovering their bearings.

The First Division League this year will in all likelihood produce one of the keenest competitions in years. Up to the present stage no fewer than six of the nine competing teams are well in the running, all almost abreast of each other.

Pessimism among the contenders has been further heightened by the two early defeats of the Champion Recreational Club "Blues," who with 11 points from four matches are actually most unfavourably placed among the six top teams.

Although Kowloon Bowling Green Club is currently at the top of the League table with 14 points from four matches, Indian Recreation Club "Blues" is in the most commanding position with three successive wins and 11 points to their credit.

An additional feature of the First Division games so far has also been the keen struggle for skips' honours.

Last year's Champion skip, W. Hong Sling, has so far chalked up only one win in three cuttings.

My remarks last Monday that A. M. Omar's win on Saturday earned for him and his rink the distinction of being the only unbeaten rink in the First Division has evoked a storm of protest from a few quarters.

Apologies are in order here. The skips' table for the leading skips appear at the end of these notes. It will be seen that in addition to Omar, two other skips, H. B. Dewar, of Police Recreation Club and B. W. Bradbury, of Craignawer,

are in the most commanding position with three successive wins and 11 points to their credit.

At Cox's Road, Kowloon Cricket Club will take on this season's "outside" hope, Police Recreation Club. The Kowloonites have the advantage of green, but with Dewar fighting hard to keep his unbeaten record, everything points to an extremely close fight.

The Cricket Club bowlers have made only one change to their last week's team which went down to IRC "Blues" by 3-2. D. B. Sequeira comes in as lead in Hong Sling's rink in place of John Tang, giving the rink a slight improvement.

Much will depend on the draw, but I have a feeling that both Ken Bodie's and H. B. Dewar's rinks are good enough to carry the Police Club to a good 4-1 win.

The other crucial game of the afternoon will be that between Craignawer Cricket Club and Kowloon Bowling Green Club at the Valley.

Both teams have shown fairly consistent form in the last two weeks, and with the exception of one change in the Craignawer side where P. K. Lou replaced Joe Leonard as No. 2 in George Souza's rink, are holding exactly their same victorious team of last week.

Bradbury's four are playing good bowls at the moment and may expect to claim one point in this game, but their other two rinks, skipped by George Souza and Alfred Coates, particularly the front men, will have to show much better form if they are to stave off a 4-1 defeat this afternoon.

In the two remaining First Division games both Roura "Blues" and Indian Recreation "Blues" with IRC "Gold" and Philip's Club respectively as their opponents, should have little difficulty in gaining the decisive, and for them, it will be the problem of whether, or not, they could extract the maximum points out of these games.

Now for the technique of the job itself.

You must have a sand iron to play bunker shots properly. It is the most lofted club in the bag—and the heaviest.

The weight must be there, sand is not the easiest stuff to get the club head through.

**LINE OF FLIGHT**

STANCE should be very open. The left foot should be pulled well back from the line of flight, with the ball positioned just off the left heel.

This will force you to take the sand before the ball. And have the face of the club "open-ed up" slightly.

SWING slowly and easily without any suggestions of hurrying or jerking. You should be a little steeper in the back swing.

The club should be taken back outside the line of flight. Get it well back—at least three-quarters of the full swing.

ACROSS the ball, with the head entering the sand about two inches behind the ball. And don't forget to follow through.

So many shots of this kind are spoiled by trying to scoop up the ball.

The first job, of course, is to get out. So concentrate on that. You'll be surprised how accuracy will follow.

Sounds simple enough, doesn't it? Believe me, it is!

## POP

LOOK—NO HANDS!



## NO FEET!



## SPORTING SAM . . . . . By Reg. Wootton



# The More Tense The Situation, The Better Wardle Seems To Be

Says BRUCE DOOLAND

This is the coldest opening to any cricket season I remember. Maybe I haven't been here long enough for that to mean much, but when umpire Frank Chester tells me that he too cannot remember such a sustained opening spell of sheer biting weather I begin to feel that the cricketer's problem out there in the middle is something almost unique. Frank has been playing and umpiring in first class cricket for over thirty years—and he must have seen some pretty tough openings to seasons before now.

After the Tourists—who came straight here following one of the hottest summers South Africa has ever had—my sympathies right now go to the England Selectors. Is it their job to find England's team next week-end, and what sort of form in these poor conditions have they got to go on? Precious little, I would say. My bet is they will be judged as much by past reputation as actual current form.

The burning problem, of course, will be whether to choose Jonny Wardle or Tony Lock for the left arm slow bowler position.

I think they will go for the man in possession—Wardle. But I would pick Lock.

Of course selection difficulties in this instance are a healthy sign. England is very lucky to have two such fine bowlers to cause these headaches. I would be well content with either in MY side, for they are both of great talent and superb temperament. But the reason I would give Lock the edge of my preference for the first Test is that

I think he might be able to get greater "life" from the slow and maybe still soft Nottingham pitch. For Tony pushes the ball through a great deal faster than Johnny, he spins it so hard these days that I think he might be able to make it dig in enough to bite and turn.

Another advantage in Lock is that England badly needs that improvement in fielding which the Selectors have already been talking about. As Lock is probably as good a catcher as any in the world near the wicket, I would have him in the team to take those half chances which can count for so much.

## RUN-MAKING ABILITY

On the other hand, the England Selectors may well feel—as Austin did in Australia—that Wardle's run-making ability is still indispensable. Lock carefully into the figures of those Tests in Australia, and even more closely into the inside stories of those battles—and we will find that Wardle's runs, and the timeliness of them, had match-winning significance.

In fact, one of Wardle's great qualities is that the more tense the situation the better he seems to be; in Australia the more England needed runs the more Wardle seemed to produce them.

Moreover, if we have to think in terms of typically sound, lifeless test wickets, I am not at all certain that I would prefer Wardle's bowling to Lock's. He is now doing more and more with his wrist-spun Chinaman—he can make it turn a foot into a right hand batsman—and he has cultivated a googly which is getting him a lot of good wickets. Certainly, the cheerful Clown-Prince, as he is so often called, has strong claims.

But for this first Test, anyway, my pick would still be Lock. For surely England should not be struggling for runs against the apparently limited South African attack? Or should they?

The next point on the Selectors' agenda is bound to be the fast bowler position. They will call on two of the great three—Tyson, Statham or Truman. And, very properly, it is all Headington to a China orange that it will be Tyson and Statham who brought such havoc throughout Australia.

I think it was one of the best things of the first few matches this season that both Tyson and Statham should get away to good starts despite the damp cold pitches they had to bowl on. They earned that by their wonderful efforts in Australia. With Brian Statham probably still technically the better of the two, they are a great pair of bowlers.

## COACHING HINT

With wickets varying so much with batsmen should try to assess them BEFORE they go in by

# SPORTS QUIZ

- A South African called "Toey" is currently worrying many English sportsmen. Who ones?
  - Bobby Riggs, Wimbledon Men's Singles Champion in 1959, and Maureen Connolly, Women's title-holder for the past three years, were taught by the same coach, Who?
  - Who won the 1,500 metres at the Helsinki Olympic Games?
  - Who was the only British athlete to win a gold medal in the 1952 Olympics—horse riders excepted?
  - The Mariano-Codrell fight was the second all-white world Heavyweight title since 1935. Which was the other one?
  - Sporting anagrams. Who are these "mixed up" personalities? KMEI, WURH, NOAH, SCIR, AATHY, WAC, ASYDN, DLEARDS, MSA, DSANE.
  - When Len Hutton leads England in the second Test against South Africa, he will equal the record for international cricket captaincy. What is it and who holds it?
  - Ode golf out please among the following: Bobby Locke, Ben Hogan, Max Faulkner and Harry Weetman.
  - How many countries have won the Davis Cup since its inception in 1900?
  - Which athlete won four gold medals at the 1948 Olympics?
- (Answers on Page 17)



London Express Service.

# Excuse Me While I Collect My Spear, Shield And Bludgeon

Says ERIC NICHOLLS

Excuse me while I collect my spear, shield and bludgeon. I'm taking up professional sport. Which one doesn't matter. The necessary implements remain the same.

In the past week we have seen enough of it to make us wish we had stuck to such tender pastimes as jousting, severing each other's throats with swords, and the old one-two-three-bang of the duel. At least we knew where we stood in the old days.

Nowadays professional sport—internationally speaking—has become open warfare in which the rules are there to be broken, competitors ignore the code of sportsmanship, and too many officials, who appear to be as much about their particular game as my dear departed Aunt Florence, condone all, could tell journalists "I fought it was a very clean fight, I saw no intentional fouls."

Footballers are no mythic angels either. When the English soccer tourists played in Madrid, they suffered such indignities as shirt-slipping, man-handling, and boot-swinging when the ball was elsewhere.

The Scots soccer tourists beat Austria 4-1. But not before they had been involved in one glorious punch-up, which culminated in the arrest of an unconscious spectator, who, on invading the pitch with a hundred others, was greeted by the untrained but enthusiastic left hook of Scottish centre-forward Laurie Kelly.

Ruffled by this setback, the Austrians sought blood. Only a police escort for the Scottish party through the back streets prevented them from getting their wish.

We thought we had seen everything. In the famous "Battle of Berne," when boots and fists were flung between Hungarians and Brazilians. We were wrong.

Unless swift action is taken international sport is likely to degenerate into a free-for-all with no holds barred.

I recommend the International Boxing Authorities and the Federation of International Football Associations should begin cleaning up their houses.

## PROBLEMS ENOUGH

Captained by Jean Richardson daughter of the old West Bromwich Albion player, an England women's soccer team is to play a series of matches in Portugal this summer.

I do not doubt the sincerity of these young ladies. Indeed some of the world's greatest sporting triumphs have been achieved by women.

But football is a man's game. It should remain so. Apart from obvious physical disadvantages and the dangers of serious injury, they must be told firmly, that such a tour can only bring ridicule upon British football. We have enough problems of the moment.

(London Express Service)

## No joke



## CALEY

make wonderful chocolates

## SPORTS SURVEY

## Nothing Is Left To Chance In Running The Wembley Cup Final

Says ALL-ROUNDER

After all the hullabaloo, thrills and excitement of the Wembley Cup Final, let us for a moment consider something of the precision with which the proceedings, or of any other big event there, for that matter, are conducted, a precision that is met with nowhere else in the sporting world.

Distinguished guests and milling thousands in comfortable seats or on wind-swept terraces are regimented with orderly precision to a timetable which the FA issues in booklet form to clubs and officials and staffs under the name of Sir Stanley Rouse, the FA secretary.

It reads like a series of military orders and methodically organises just another Cup Final into a well-timed, fool-proof spectacle and glittering social festival which runs like clock-work and covers every aspect from competing teams and officials down to stewards and transport.

Section 1 indicates the respective dressing rooms the teams will occupy. It also instructs the referee not to start the match until Royalty are seated in the Royal Box. Section 2 informs referees and linesmen that they will be taken from FA Headquarters by car to Wembley for lunch. There is also the precautionary special note: "If the match should be drawn after extra time, the players and match officials will file past Her Majesty as though they were to receive their medals."

Section VIII enjoins the massed bands to be ready to play the National Anthem at a nod or a raised finger from Sir Stanley Rouse in the Royal Box. As for the coveted trophy itself, it is placed in the Royal Box ante-room, well guarded. And no matter which team wins it, it is always correctly adorned with the club's coloured ribbons by Sir Stanley.

On a ledge in the Royal Box are two sets of favours on each side. At a suitable moment just before the final whistle, Sir Stanley ties on the appropriate colours. Eleven winners' and eleven losers' medals are issued. All are the same, except that one set is engraved "winners" and the other "runners-up." The Manchester City Club will give their injured pair, Hart and Clarke, a specially-struck medal at the club's own expense, subject to FA permission, which will insist that the medals must not resemble the FA souvenirs.

### KNOW THE RULES

Many soccer clubs in Britain try to instruct their supporters on the finer points of the game through their weekly series of posers and answers printed in the programmes. It would seem, however, that something like this ought to be done for the players, many of whose knowledge of the laws of the game is distinctly poor, according to the latest edition of the Football Association bulletin.

### FIRST CRICKET MATCH

This season's first cricket match of the British Railways Shildon Staff Association sports club in the North-East Region was a most momentous affair for it was on their new £13,000 sports field made possible by the weekly tournament donations of its loyal members and supporters over the last five years.

The ground has two unique pavilions, each comprising rail-way coaches laid on the top of

## Goodbye To The Speed King In The Blue Helmet—Ascarì Never Knew Fear

By COURtenay EDWARDS

The world's motor-racing circuits and particularly those in Europe will be less colourful and certainly not so exciting now that Alberto Ascari is gone.

For with his death while practising at Monza—scene of some of his most spectacular triumphs—Grand Prix racing lost one of its most popular and dashing exponents.

He was still, at 36, one of the best six drivers in the world, with every prospect of gaining the World Championship for a third time, though not perhaps this year.

### THE ESCAPE

Indeed, this big, burly, broad-shouldered Italian speed king was at the zenith of his career as anyone would confirm who saw him win the Naples Grand Prix at 68.9 m.p.h. on May 7 this year, and the Valentino Grand Prix last March.

In both these races he was driving one of the new 2½ litre Lancias for he was No. 1 pilot for this Italian equipo. It was in one of these fast lightweight cars that Ascari had a miraculous escape at Monte Carlo.

What a dramatic moment that was. Britain's Stirling Moss was leading in the European Grand Prix in a Mercedes and looked a certain winner.

Suddenly Moss retired with engine trouble, and we looked round across the harbour for Ascari, who had only to roar past Moss's stricken Mercedes to take the lead. But as he came out of the tunnel near the Casino we saw him swerve through the wooden fence and straw bales at the harbour edge and plunged into the water.

Ascari was thrown clear. He swam to a rescue boat and when taken to hospital was found to be suffering from only slight head and nose injuries.

Ascari would not hear of withdrawing from next Sunday's 12-hour race for sports cars at Monza—the Super-cortemaggiore Grand Prix.

In this famous race he was sharing the driving of a three-car Ferrari with Eugenio Castellotti, 25-year-old up-and-coming Italian driver who was a teammate of Ascari in the Lancia stable and who finished second in one of these cars in the European Grand Prix last Sunday.

The Lancia firm had released both these men to drive for Ferrari—Ascari's old firm—in the following Sunday's race, though reports would indicate that the car in which Ascari crashed was not the one he was going to drive with Castellotti.

### FIRST TIME

The virtuosity of Alberto Ascari won him the World Championship in 1952 and 1953—first time any driver has gained this honour in two successive years.

He achieved the distinction in Ferrari cars, for it was not until last year that he threw in his lot with Lancia—and promptly celebrated the change by winning for his new employers last year's Mille Miglia for sports cars.

Ascari, son of a racing driver who was killed when Alberto was only six years old, was a protege of Luigi Villoresi, another great Italian driver.

## PHIL DRAKE'S JOCKEY WAS CERTAIN

# IF HIS MOUNT WAS NO. 12 ON THE RACE CARD, IT WAS BOUND TO WIN

By ROBIN GOODFELLOW

As soon as 32-year-old Fred Palmer saw a race card at Epsom on Derby day, he knew he would win the Derby on Madame Volterra's Phil Drake. "What's my horse's number?" he inquired, turning over the pages. "No. 12—bon! I shall win." Just like that.

Fred, who was born in France but whose father was born near Canterbury—grinned and told me:

"I have won three Grand Prix de Paris in the last six years—Vieux Manoir, Orfeo, and Popoff. They were all No. 12 on the card."

I could sense the confidence which this number promoted in Jean Fred, a jockey who uses his brains—and is never ruffled. He had need not to be, for Phil Drake in the early stages ran so green he scarcely seemed to know how to gallop.

"That was why I was so far behind," Fred said. "It was only the third race for Phil Drake's career.

Every Derby has its drama,

and this one will rank high.

Seven weeks ago it was touch

and go whether Phil Drake

would be able to run.

But he made a good recovery,

and when he won at Longchamp on May 12, it was evident he had not only re-

covered but improved im-

mensely.

On the gallops he was now a

long way in front of his stable

companion, Datur, who had beaten him at Longchamp a

month earlier.

DEVASTATING RUN

As for the race, the feature that gripped us was the devastating run that took Phil Drake past 20 rivals in three-quarters of a mile, and the final swerve, like that of a Rugby centre

three-quarter cutting through

between Panasipper and the

rails.

This change of direction in

the last 100 yards took me back

to that Derby of 1949 and the

effort of another Volterra horse,

Amour Drake, when he just

failed to catch Nibirus.

The start was a "first-time."

"The quietest I have ever

heard," starter Alec Marsh said.

With three-quarters of a mile

to go, Noble Chieftain led True

Cavalier, Starlit II, and Daem

on with Acropolis about sixth

and the winner last but three.

Daemon soon started to go

"backwards," and I also noticed

Lester Piggott and Windsor Sun

rapidly losing ground.

## Answers To Sports Quiz

1. Cricketers. He is Hugh Tayfield, an off-spin bowler with the South African tourists.

2. Ellen "Teach" Tennant.

3. Josy Barthel of Luxembourg.

4. Jeannette Altweig, at the Winter Olympics.

5. Mariano against Roland LaStarza in 1953.

6. Mike Hawthorn, Chris Chataway, Sandy Saddler, Sam Snead.

7. 25, by Australia's Bill Woodfull.

8. Harry Weetman. All the

others have won the British Open title.

9. Four—America, Australia,

Britain and France. Before 1919, however,

Australia played as Australasia

and Britain as the British Isles.

10. Mrs Fanny Blankers-Koen of Holland.

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18. 25, by Australia's Bill Woodfull.

19. 25, by Australia's Bill Woodfull.

20. 25, by Australia's Bill Woodfull.

21. 25, by Australia's Bill Woodfull.

22. 25, by Australia's Bill Woodfull.

23. 25, by Australia's Bill Woodfull.

24. 25, by Australia's Bill Woodfull.

25. 25, by Australia's Bill Woodfull.

26. 25, by Australia's Bill Woodfull.

27. 25, by Australia's Bill Woodfull.

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30. 25, by Australia's Bill Woodfull.

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34. 25, by Australia's Bill Woodfull.

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36. 25, by Australia's Bill Woodfull.

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39. 25, by Australia's Bill Woodfull.

40. 25, by Australia's Bill Woodfull.

41. 25, by Australia's Bill Woodfull.

42. 25, by Australia's Bill Woodfull.

43. 25, by Australia's Bill Woodfull.

44. 25, by Australia's Bill Woodfull.

45. 25, by Australia's Bill Woodfull.

46. 25, by Australia's Bill Woodfull.

47. 25, by Australia's Bill Woodfull.

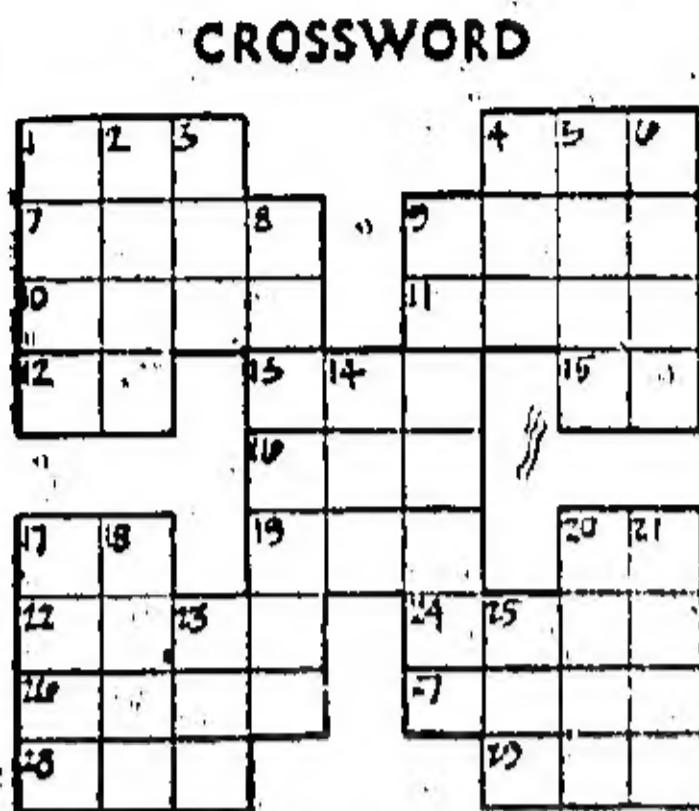
48. 25, by Australia's Bill Woodfull.

49. 25, by Australia's Bill Woodfull.

50. 25, by Australia's Bill Woodfull.

## FEATURES FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

### YOUR PUZZLE CORNER



## WORD CHAIN

Change GILL to PINT in four moves. Change only one letter at a time and be sure you have a good word on each change.

## WORD SQUARE

Rearrange the letters in each row to form a good word and then rearrange the rows correctly; you will find your answer reads the same down as across:

F	E	N	R
A	O	C	L
E	E	L	R
A	E	E	R
F	O	R	T

## TRIANGLE

An ADDRESS serves as a base for this triangle. The second word is "a paid newspaper notice"; third "conclusion"; fourth "a German river"; fifth "a Roman magistrate"; and sixth "units". Complete the triangle:

A  
D  
R  
E  
S  
SADDRESS  
(Solutions on Page 20)

## HOW MAKE A COIN TO DISAPPEAR

I. Borrow a COIN... put it in a hat and let each one feel it to be sure it is in the hat.

2. NOW DO A LITTLE HOCUS POCUS AND SAY THE COIN IS GONE!

3. ASK THEM TO LOOK FOR THEMSELVES?

4. ASK EACH IF HE HAS THE COIN... AND SAY I KNOW IF YOU ARE TELLING THE TRUTH... WHEN YOU COME TO YOUR PAL YOU SAY...

5. YOU'LL FIND IT IN JACK'S POCKET!

6. IT WILL BE THERE TOO, IF JACK HAS YOUR PARTNER IN THE TRICK AND TOOK IT FROM THE HAT!

## HOMONYM

Missing words in the following sentence sound alike, but they are spelled differently. Cap you complete the sentence correctly?

When they reached — destination, they found another group of hikers already —.

## CHUCKLE BAG

Mumma! Eat your spinach, dear, it makes strong teeth.

Johnny: Then why don't you feed it to grandpa?

Teacher: What is a volcano, Martha?

Maria: A mountain with the hiccupps.

Teacher: Please define the word spine.

Bory: The spine is a long limber bone. Your head sits on one end, and you sit on the other end.

A woman went to buy a drinking bowl for her dog and the shopkeeper asked if she would like one with the inscription, "For the dog."

"It really doesn't matter," she replied. "My husband never drinks water, and the dog can't read."

Doctor: Well, young man, your cough is a little better this morning.

Patient: It ought to be I've been practising all night.

Willie: What gets weather while it dries?

Billie: Beats me. What?

Willie: A towel.

Waitress: We have almost everything on the menu today.

Dinner: So I see. Bring me a clean one so I can read it.

## ZOOKS WHO

## THE ARMADILLO IS EDIBLE...



MONKEYS HAVE A THICK LAYER OF FAT UNDERNEATH THEIR SKIN TO KEEP THEM WARM.

## INTRODUCING... JOHNNY RENGO, CIVILISED LIZARD

By IDA SMITH

ONE of the most gentle creatures of the southwestern desert in the United States is the chuckwalla lizard. It is the largest of the harmless American lizards. Only one other is as large—the Gila monster—but it is poisonous. It is the only known poisonous lizard in the world, and looks very different from the chuckwalla.

Little is known about chuckwallas except that they are vegetarians, can blow themselves up like balloons when frightened, and can dart into rock crevices and hide so quickly that their presence is unsuspected.

Johnny Rengo is a civilised chuckwalla. He has lived with Mr and Mrs Oscar Rengo of Phoenix, Ariz., for 15 years. Mrs Rengo raises a variety of flowers for him to eat. His favourites are dandelions and



Although Johnny's making like Ferdinand in a bull-ring, he's about to gulp down that rose.

roses. He also likes cooked Johnny, let's go for a ride," he says. They learn to handle him gently.

Some women scream and are terribly frightened when they see Johnny. These, he says, "where are you?" He always pokes out or jiggles the cushion to let her know where he is.

He loves to sleep on Mrs Rengo's shoulder in the evening while she reads. He also loves company and gets all excited when he hears children playing.

Sometimes Mrs Rengo takes him to school. The children are as fascinated with him as

he is with them. They learn to handle him gently.

Insert-eating lizards are difficult to keep as pets, but are valuable in the wild state because they help to control the fly and ant population.

## NEEDS ATTENTION

Chuckwallas are hard to keep alive in captivity too. They need a variety of plants to eat and also friendly attention. Many have died because they were put in a cage and left alone, and with an unattractive diet.

The Rengos never forget or neglect Johnny. While most lizards would welcome a chance to escape from captivity, it is doubtful that he would want to exchange his good home and care for his freedom. Enemies would soon destroy him in the wild now. He would not know how to protect himself because of his trustfulness born of long captivity.

## CALCULATE YOUR FAME WITH TRICKS

By FRANCIS HOWARD

ARE you out for fame as a "lighting calculator"?

If you want to make your friends sit up and take notice, try one of these numerical stunts on them.

Have them write down in a row all of the figures except the number 8—like this:



Now have them choose any one of these figures and multiply it by 9. Suppose they choose 3. When multiplied by 9, the result is 27. Then, have them multiply the row of figures by this number.

Before they have found their answer, you will be able to tell them what it is—333,333,333.

If they had chosen 2 in the first place, the answer would have been all 2's, or if 5, all 5's, and so on.

Here is another stunt. Suppose you have your friends write down any sum of three figures. Then, have them reverse the figures and subtract the lesser amount from the greater. When they have found the answer (the middle figure will always be 9), have them reverse again and add these last two figures. Again you will be able to give the answer in advance—189.

For illustration, suppose your friend picks the number 1869. Added together, these figures total 30.

When subtracted from the original number, the remainder is 7839.

If your friend strikes out the 8, the sum of the three remaining figures is 19.

When he tells you this number, you immediately reckon

that the reason you can do this is because, when your friend makes the subtraction in the first place, the figures in the remainder always add up to 9 or a multiple of 9.

For illustration, suppose your friend picks the number 1869. Added together, these figures total 30.

When subtracted from the original number, the remainder is 7839.

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that fast," said Hand to Knarf.

During the next hour, they

saw lots of their friends go

sailing down the river. They

saw Blackie Beetle sitting on

top of an empty bottle as it

floated past. They saw a spider

sitting down on a postage stamp. They saw a moth floating down, with her wings spread out.

"She's shouting for help!"

said Hand.

So Knarf fished her out. The

wings shook the water off her

wings. "I fell in. I almost

drowned," she said. "Thank

you for saving my life."

Then she fluttered off to find a dark

place to sleep until the moon

came out.

The Snail Was Lost

A daddy-long-legs came

sailing down last of all, stand-

ing on a bit of bark.

"Last trip," he was shouting.

"And sure enough, he was

right. Even as Knarf and Hand

sat on the curbside, they saw

the Mississippi-Amazon-rain-

drop-river dwindle in size,

growing narrower and narrow-

er, until finally it was just a

tiny trickle. Then, when it had

stopped altogether, they saw

all the sailors come trudging

back from around the corner,

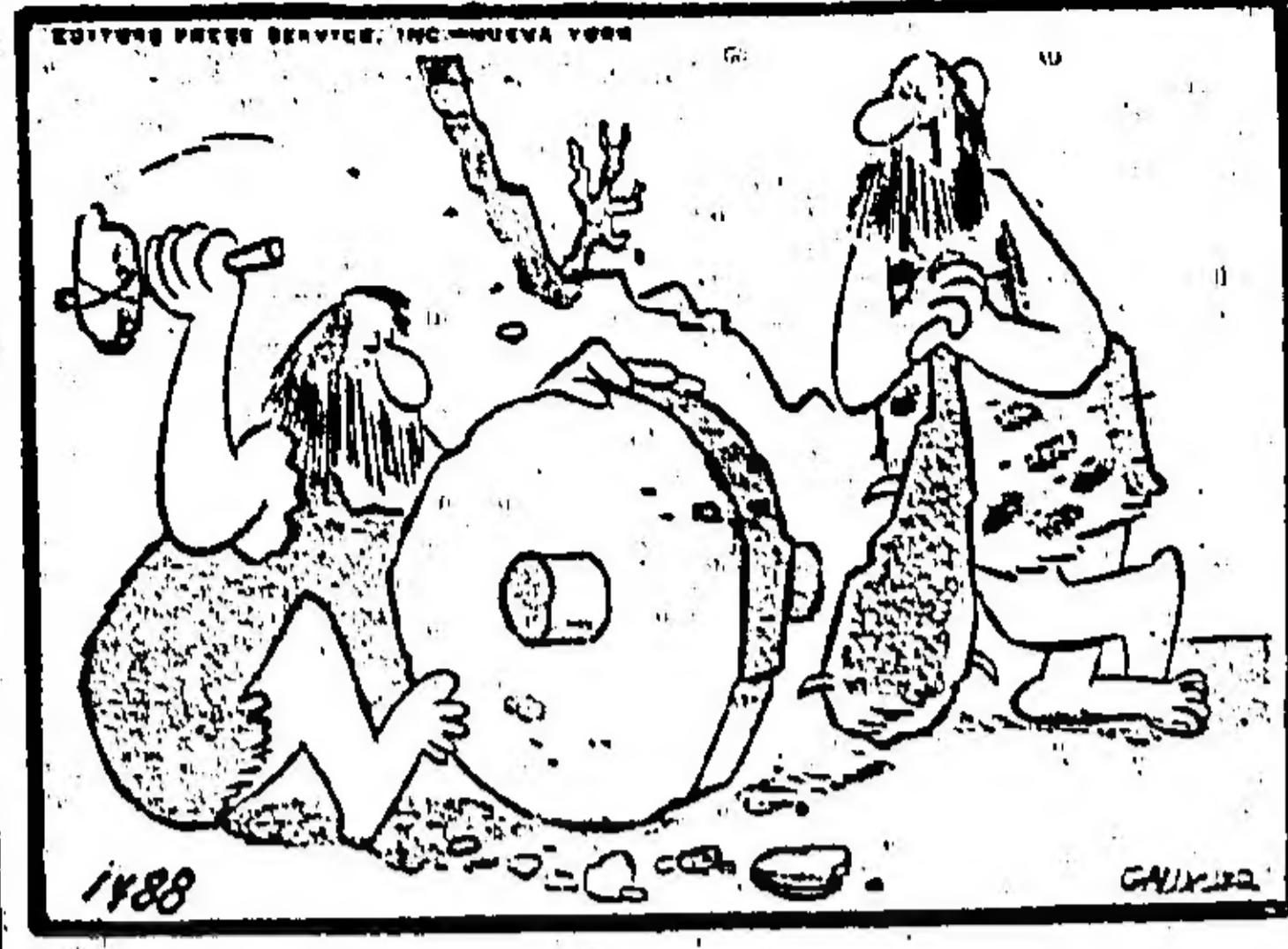
the grasshopper, the ants, the

beetle, the spider, the daddy-

long-legs and, last of all . . . the

very last of all . . . the

small . . .



## YOUR BIRTHDAY... By STELLA

## SATURDAY, JUNE 4

BORN today, you have a happy kindly nature yet one which tends to drift along with the tide rather than strike out against it. You may do a lot of daydreaming and build castles in the air. But, when it comes to instrumenting those dreams, you are slow to get moving! Learn to be a little more decisive and, then, once you have made up your mind, stick to your guns until you have reached your objective. Only in this fashion will you achieve the heights to which your talents should entitle you.

You have real artistic and dramatic ability and probably would be happiest in the arts or the professions where you could express your individuality freely. The one lesson you will need to learn is that success is apt to be nine parts perspiration—and one part inspiration! Although you have a magnetic personality and attract many friends who may be able and willing to give you excellent advice you are disinclined to listen to them. Be a little more open-minded in this regard and you will get along faster.

Among those born on this date are: King George III of England; Walter L. Deane, painter; Fontaine Fox, cartoonist; Frances Starr and Rosalind Russell, actresses; Harry Greb, pugilist; Wendell P. Garrison, editor.

To find what the stars have in store for you tomorrow, select your birthday star and read the corresponding paragraph. Let your birthday star be your daily guide.

## SUNDAY, JUNE 5

GEMINI (May 22-June 21)—You can become the peacemaker for everyone if you will only exert yourself.

CANCER (June 22-July 23)—Even if exterior matters prove to be depressing, you can conquer problems with tenacity and optimism.

LEO (July 24-Aug. 23)—Plan to do something that you have been postponing for a long time.

VIRGO (Aug. 24-Sept. 23)—Make calls or invite close friends to pay you a visit. You will find pleasure and enjoyment.

LIBRA (Sept. 24-Oct. 23)—This is a second day for well-favoured activities. Make plans for a happy, pleasant time.

SCORPIO (Oct. 24-Nov. 22)—You have an inspirational day. Your spiritual life could be enhanced by church attendance.

TAURUS (Apr. 21-May 21)—Church attendance today might bring you the faith, hope and consolation that you need now.

BORN today, you have a life that is more exciting than many others' and it can never be said that you have a dull moment at any time. You are happiest when in the midst of great activity. It is likely that your cycles of success and decline will alternate with mystifying rapidity and it is good that you have a high degree of adaptability in your nature. You can switch from one thing to another with such great speed that often your closest friends may not fully understand your change in mood or tempo.

The stars have given you special talent in music and the arts, which should be developed from earliest childhood. You probably will have the artistic temperament that goes with a touch of genius. How far you carry your native talent toward material success will depend in large degree upon how careful you are to take instant advantage of opportunities offered you.

In addition to your sense for the dramatic in the arts, you also have a gift for getting at the basic facts of a problem with great speed. You would make a good investigator, attorney for the defence, or promoter for some worthy cause.

Emotional and affectionate, you are happiest when surrounded by members of your own family who give you their unstinted love and devotion.

Among those born on this date are: George T. Angel, reformer; Stravinsky, composer; Roger Batchelor, author; Velasquez, painter; William

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"THAI" — Sept. 7 — Sept. 8

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"STAR BETELGEUSE" — July 2 — July 3  
"STAR ARCTURUS" — July 28 — July 29  
"THAI" — Aug. 11 — Aug. 12  
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## • JACOBY ON BRIDGE

### Tourney Is Scene Of Tricky Plays

By OSWALD JACOBY

TODAY'S hand was played last year in the finals of the Mid-west Regional Team Championship. The hero, in the South position was Dave Carter.

West opened the queen of diamonds, and Carter took with the king, drew two rounds of trumps, cashed top hearts, discarded a heart on the ace of diamonds, and ruffed the jack of hearts. The only remaining problem was to limit the loss in clubs to one trick.

Carter solved the problem by leading a low club from his hand and finessing dummy's eight. East won with the queen of clubs and casually returned the seven—a very fine attempt to deceive declarer.

The plot didn't work, as it turned out. Carter carefully covered with the nine of clubs, which won the trick. The rest was easy.

The point was that it couldn't cost anything to play the nine.

NORTH (D)		31
♦	KJ84	
♦	AQ52	
♦	AQ52	
♦	K954	
WEST	EAST	
♦A32	♦106	
▼1543	♦Q105	
♦QJ10552	♦9764	
♦6	♦QJ107	
SOUTH		
♦AQ956		
♦882		
♦3		
♦A932		
North-South vul.		
East	South	West
2 N.T.	Pass	3 ♠ Pass
4 ♠	Pass	5 ♠ Pass
Pass		
Opening lead—♦ Q		

If West could follow suit, the clubs would break 3-2, and the clubs would be cleared by the ace and king. If West couldn't follow suit, it was vital to put up the nine.

East couldn't have saved himself by returning an honour instead of the seven of clubs. For example, if East returns the jack of clubs, dummy wins with the king. Since West shows out on this trick, declarer has a proven finesse through East on the next round of clubs.

East couldn't have saved himself by returning a different suit. Dummy would ruff while declarer discarded the losing club. Hence declarer didn't worry about losing to a singleton club. He likewise had nothing to fear from a 3-2 break, and the actual play showed that he was ready for the 4-1 division as well.

### • CARD Sense ♦

Q.—The bidding has been:  
South: West: North: East:  
1 Heart Pass 2 Spades Pass

You, South, hold:  
A73 ♦KJ532 ♦AKQ ♦853

What do you do?

A.—Bid three hearts. The hand is a minimum opening bid, and the choice is between three hearts and two no-trump. You choose three hearts because the suit is fairly good and because one side suit is wide open.

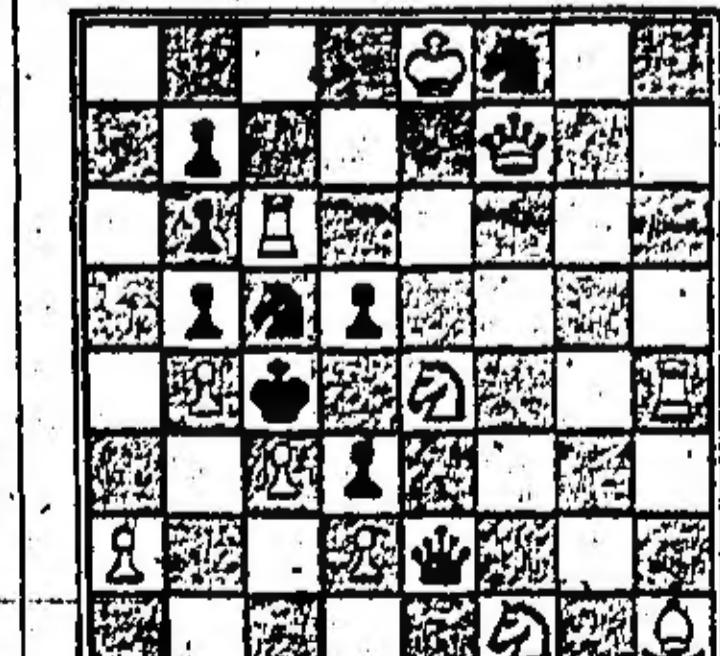
### TODAY'S QUESTION

The bidding is the same as in the question just answered. You, South, hold:  
S73 HAKJS DKJ100 C 853  
what do you do?

Answer on Monday

### CHESS PROBLEM

By E. SALARDINI  
Black, 9 pieces



White, 11 pieces.

White to play: mate in two.

Solution to yesterday's problem:

1, R, (B8)—R8; then 2, P—B8  
(=Kt ch), 1, —, Q—B3; 2, Kt1  
(Q7)—B8 (ch); 1, —, Q—K2; 2,  
Rt (Rt)—B8 (db ch); 1, —, P—Q4; 2, P—B8 (=Q).

## BY THE WAY

By Beachcomber

### Tourney Is Scene Of Tricky Plays

By OSWALD JACOBY

WHEN Miss Marilyn Monroe said, "There's something about Art that gets you," she showed integrity, awareness, and a sense of values.

Senior Dan, hesitating whether to paint a night-watchman as a porcelain alligator or a transparent trumpet filled with violin strings, seems to be following its logical conclusion the movement started by Zym Gorias in the rue Lepic in Paris. Then again, there is a young painter who sticks inverted paper bags to a canvas and invites the spectators to pull them off and tell them with anything they like. She says, "An artist must be a tyrant, a dictator. The public should be allowed to take a hand in the finished product of the artist's brain."

The naked chairman's hat

A COLONY of naked people

A has been having a row with the French Navy. The navy

wants their island for experiments with rockets, and is afraid of spies. The chairman

of the colony retorts that a naked person cannot walk off with secret plans, forgetting that a suitcase carried by a naked man disarms suspicion.

It's only his clothes," say the secret service men. The chairman, by the way, is allowed to wear a bowler, presumably as his badge of office, so what more likely than that the lining should be stuffed with blueprints, memoranda, photographs, and so on?

Dr Rhubarb's corner

F. L. writes: My fiance is so

nervous—of my father that

whenever he comes to our house

he makes faces at him; involuntarily, of course. Dad makes

faces back, and Mum howls

with laughter. All this makes

my fiance worse. What can we do?

Dr Rhubarb says: If your

mother and you were to join in

the grimacing at him, might

think it was all a joke. And

this be put at his ease.

In passing, rather quickly

ANGRY motorists, who com-

plain that a really high

speed is impossible on our roads,

may have taken comfort from

an article I have just read. It

describes how a driver kept his

speedometer "steady" at 100

miles an hour" on a country

road, with "utter confidence."

The confidence of anybody who

got in his way may have been

a little shaken, but that would

be the careless fellow's own

fault for obstructing traffic.

HAS a decent, law-abiding

citizen any redress when he

is called, in print, a unit of

overseas personnel in a satellite

dormitory zone?

East couldn't have saved him-

self by returning an honour in-

stead of the seven of clubs.

For example, if East returns the

jack of clubs, dummy wins with

the king. Since West shows out

on this trick, declarer has a

proven finesse through East on

the next round of clubs.

East couldn't have saved himself

by returning a different suit.

Dummy would ruff while declarer

discarded the losing club.

Hence declarer didn't worry

about losing to a singleton

club. He likewise had nothing

to fear from a 3-2 break, and the actual

play showed that he was ready for

the 4-1 division as well.

Just couldn't have saved him-

self by returning a different suit.

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Hence declarer didn't worry

about

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# CHINA MAIL

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SATURDAY, JUNE 4, 1955.

JOHN CLARKE'S  
CASEBOOK

## The Lost 11 Years

HUNGER showed in the hollowed cheeks of his weathered young face, and showed in his eyes, that searched with a kind of wild, unresting despair over the counters that were piled with food.

His name was Henry, and he stood, lean and haggard, and watched those who queued along the cafeteria rail of the railway buffet.

Slowly the queue moved along. Henry took his place at the tail.

### TWO-COURSE MEAL

"Give me some soup," he said, when his turn came.

A girl scooped out a bowl of tangerine-coloured liquid, which Henry took. He passed on, took a sausage, reached the cashier.

"Soup 8d., sausage 8d., that will be 1s. 2d." The cashier turned to her till.

Henry did not wait to pay. He bolted to an empty table, and began to guzzle down the soup. It was only lukewarm, and he managed to drink most of it before the affronted authorities could stop him.

By the time a policeman arrived Henry had eaten most of the sausage, too.

### QUALIFIED ENGINEER

THEN he stretched expansively, as a man might after enjoying a rare feast, and said: "You can't prove I didn't pay."

But at Bow Street, next morning, he pleaded guilty to stealing food valued at 1s. 2d., and sat with closed eyes in the dock, while the story of his crime was told to Mr. E. G. Robey.

"There are no previous convictions," said the officer in charge of the case. "This man is a qualified marine engineer, and served his apprenticeship in the north from 1935 to 1940."

"From 1940 until 1944 he was at sea with the Merchant Navy. On each ship he served in he was given a very good character."

### IN BAD SHAPE

"HE was sunk three times in the war and since 1944 he seems to have allowed himself to go right down. He says that he just wanders the country now, doing casual work when he can...."

"He looks to be in bad shape now," said the magistrate, and asked Henry what he had to say.

"Nothing, thank you," Henry answered. The magistrate remanded him, so that the doctors might check him over.

When he came back to the dock, Henry looked a different man entirely. His cheeks had begun to fill out, his eyes were red. The detective went back into the witness-box.

### NO INTERVAL

"THE sojourn in Brixton does seem to have done him a lot of good," said the detective. "I think hunger was the cause of what he did."

The magistrate nodded and consulted again the doctors' report. According to this, though, the trouble is he doesn't want to be cured of his alcoholism."

A probation officer stepped forward. "There is a job he could go to in a few days' time," he said.

"Very well," said the magistrate to Henry. "I'm going to remand you in custody again for those few days. I don't want there to be any interval between your leaving here and starting a job. Do you understand?"

"I understand," Henry said, and grinned. "I understand perfectly."

They led him away, and he went with a swing, sensing perhaps that this might be the beginning of the end of the lost 11 years since he last went to sea, and was last sunk, and tried to drown the horror of it all by drinking his memories away.

### DARTWORDS SOLUTION

STREETCAR Desire, Inclination Bent Bend End Bitter Bitter Tiber Home Town Tom Thumb Nellie Pigeon Hole Home Homer Nod Hods Shot Shop Soiled Toiled Tailed Detail Retail Retail Keep Sock Sock Sock Sock Sock Sock Duck Bob Cob Corn Horn Cape Caper CURVET.

## HOME RULE FOR TUNISIA

### Accord Reached With The French AGREEMENT SIGNED

Paris, June 3. France and Tunisia today formally signed an agreement for broad Tunisian home rule, which had been initiated at the close of negotiations last Sunday.

The Tunisian Premier, Tahar Ben Ammar, and the French Premier, M. Edgar Faure, signed on behalf of their countries. The lengthy accords grant wide internal autonomy to the North African protectorate.

### FRENCH TENNIS British Pair In Paris Finals

Paris, June 3. The highlight of the first women's doubles semi-finals was the brilliant play of the young American girls, Doris Hard, whose volleys drew gasps of enthusiasm from the spectators.

She was well supported by her partner, Mrs Beverley Fleetz, together the American pair got the better of the British girls, Angelina Buxton and Angel Mortimer after a tough struggle in the third set.

In the other semi-final, the British team, Shirley Bloomer and Pat Ward won from the Australian pair Miss Mary Carter and Miss Beryl Penrose by 6-2, 4-6 and 7-5.

Miss Bloomer and Miss Ward will meet Doris Hard and Beverley Fleetz in the finals on Saturday.

Vic Saixas and Tony Trabert won their way into the finals of the men's doubles by beating Art Larsen and Morea 6-1, 6-3 and 6-2. They will meet the Italians Nicola Pietrangeli and Orlando Sirola, on Sunday.—France-Presse.

### French Indignant

Paris, June 3. French sources tonight complained indignantly on "certain petitions" sent to the United Nations Trusteeship Council after disturbances in the French Trusteeship territory of the Cameroons.

They said that these petitions were "courageously exaggerated and based on pure fantasy."

The French sources, which gave these "off the cuff" comments stressed that they were not in any way anticipating the official reply of the French Government to these petitions.

Petitions have been received by the United Nations Trusteeship Council from the pro-independence party known as the Union of the Peoples of the Cameroons.

Other petitions from Cameroonian organisations have been received, condemning "acts of violence and crimes" by the UPC.—France-Presse.

### Cotton Deal

Karachi, June 3. The Swiss Charge d'Affaires here today signed an agreement providing for the delivery of cotton goods to Pakistan to the value of one million dollars, the counter value of which will be paid in American raw cotton.

This triangular agreement comes within the framework of American aid to Pakistan.

Total deliveries which will thus be made to Pakistan by the different producing countries at present total 22,000,000 dollars.—France-Presse.

### AUSSIES WIN

Antigua, June 3. The Australian cricketers beat the Leeward Islands by an innings and 219 runs here today.

Leeward Islands, who followed on 400 runs behind the Australian total of 499, were all out in their second innings for 181.—Reuter.

### Davis Cup Preview At Manchester

Manchester, June 3. In the semi-finals of the Northern Lawn Tennis Tournament at Manchester today, the match between Roger Becker and Krishan of India was a perfect preview of one or next week's Davis Cup matches.

Becker began confidently and went into a 3-2 lead in the first set. Games went with service to the 9th when Krishan broke through and won the set at 6-4.

Becker's plan to rush Krishan near the net was failing badly and the Indian went into a 3-2 lead in the second set.

Services were held until the 12th game when Becker, helped by two fierce forehand drives, broke through to win the set at 7-5.

### FAR DIFFERENT

Becker showed far different and better form in the final set and with some hard driving and shrewd placing won the set and match at 6-4.

In the second men's singles semi-final, Stewart (United States) beat Tony Mottram (Britain) by 6-2 and 8-6. Stewart will meet Becker in the finals.

In the second women's singles semi-final, Doris Hart of the United States beat Miss K. Bubel by 6-4 and 6-2. Doris Hart will meet her compatriot, Louise Brough in the finals.—France-Presse.

### Atomic Agreement

Washington, June 3. The United States and Israel today initialed a bilateral agreement on the peaceful use of atomic energy. The United States will provide Israel with the technical knowledge to construct a research reactor and will also supply her with 13.2 pounds weight of uranium 235 enriched to a maximum percentage of 20 per cent.

The agreement falls within the Eisenhower administration's programme of "atoms for peace." During the past 30 days, similar agreements have been signed between the United States and Turkey, Brazil, Colombia and the Lebanon.—France-Presse.

## MEMORIAL WAS NOT A TOMB

Berlin, June 3. East German workmen today finished removing the pedestal of a Soviet tank memorial in West Berlin and said that, contrary to a previous Soviet statement, no Soviet soldiers were buried beneath it.

When the American authorities first suggested that the tank, said to be the first to have entered Berlin 10 years ago, should be removed—it had been defaced by Berliners—the Soviet authorities replied that it was more than a monument because 10 Russians were buried under it.

They found the concrete base "hard and going, breaking several pneumatic drills and having to use six charges of explosive before finally rolling down their sleeves today."—Reuter.

### Manchester Cup Probables

London, June 4. Twelve probable starters with jockeys for the Manchester Cup to be run over one and a half miles at Manchester today (Saturday) are:

Chatworth, F. Barlow; Guide, W. Neve; Brilliant Green, J. Porter; Thimblebum, J. Lindley; Lepworth, W. H. Carr; Story Lyon, W. Marland; Dingo, D. Smith; Purple Martin, E. Britt; Gresley, E. Hider; Torbango, C. Gaston; Autumn Gold, A. Carson—China Mail Special.

### Cold War Breaks Out During Labour Conference

Geneva, June 3. The "cold war" between Communist and non-Communist employer delegates flared up again today in the plenary session of the 38th International Labour Conference here.

Employer delegates from white Russia and the Ukraine said they had lodged protests with the Selection (steering) Committee against the "illegal and discriminatory" action of the "free employers who yesterday voted overwhelmingly to exclude the Communists from membership of all the technical committees of the conference.

The dispute is a repetition of the tangle that arose last year when the "free" employers' delegates refused to recognise the Communist employers' delegates saying they only added to the Communist government delegation.

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### Amateur Golf Championship Upset

London, June 3. Joe W. Conrad, United States Air Force champion and Walker Cup golfer, will meet Alan Slater, Yorkshire businessman, in tomorrow's (Saturday) 36 holes final of the British Amateur Golf Championship at St Annes-on-Sea.

It is a great feat by Slater to reach so far as before this week his greatest golfing achievement was to be an English reserve without ever being "capped."

Mr A. A. Arutunian, government delegate of the Soviet Union, retorted: "We protest most categorically against this democracy which does not respect the rights of all."—Reuter.

### Ceylon Worried Over Tea

Colombo, June 3. The Ceylonese Cabinet has again considered the question of the Ceylon tea export duty reduction which is still being urged owing to the continued slump on the tea market.

The Ministers have decided to revise the recently introduced tea export subsidy in order to ensure that smallholders get twenty cents per pound of green tea sold to factories.

Subsidies will be paid directly to the smallholders though there will be no reduction of the duty of one rupee per pound. Smallholders claim they have been the worst hit by the fall in tea prices.—Reuter.

### BOYS AND GIRLS PAGE SOLUTIONS

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### NOTICE TO CONSIGNEES

Mr. "CHANGSHA"

arrd. 4th June, 1955

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